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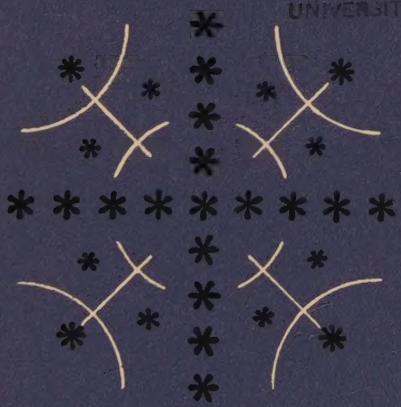

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Contents

Luigi Salvatorelli	*The Founders of United Italy*	3
Richard A. Webster	*United Italy: Its Achievements and Lasting Problems*	27
Nicola Pistelli	*The "Risorgimento" and the Italian Catholics*	45
P. M. Pasinetti	*Notes on the Poetic Image of the* Patria	58
Charles Speroni	*Popular songs and hymns of the "Risorgimento"*	73
Walter H. Rubsamen	*Music and Politics in the "Risorgimento"*	100
Gian-Paolo Biasin	*A selected bibliography of books on the "Risorgimento"*	121

The Founders of United Italy

LUIGI SALVATORELLI

[The personalities of the four great men that made Italian unification possible have been obscured by the stereotyped and sentimentalized portrayal that tradition has populirized Luigi Salvatorelli, one of Italy's most eminent living historians, in the following vivid "profiles" goes beyond the veil of popular myth, bringing back into true perspective the real caliber and contribution of the "founders of modern Italy." We are grateful to *La Stampa* of Turin for permission to translate these articles.]

Victor Emmanuel II

A popular saying states that Victor Emmanuel II's greatness consisted essentially in his realization that he necessarily had to make a choice between ascending to the kingdom of Italy or descending to the status of Mônsù Savoia (Mr. Savoy). Even today, on the first Centenary of united Italy, we can repeat the above saying but with one important change. The adverb "necessarily" should be omitted. Human history is never fatality, and it was not so even in this case. The conscious choice of Victor Emmanuel II was an act of free will. It was his answer to a situation which did not exclude a third choice, namely: that he could have remained King of Sardinia with a kingdom larger, smaller or exactly the same. It was a free choice; but it would be wrong to consider that is was carried out *ab origine*, and that it remained perpetually without change. The successful political man differs, above all, from the unsuccessful one (be he an opportunist, a doctrinaire, or a moralist) in this respect: that he does

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not follow a program outlined beforehand into articles and paragraphs like a projected law or an administrative regulation. Instead, he sets as his goals certain general principles, certain overall objectives, and then proceeds toward them with the flexibility required by all circumstances. Certainly, on the evening of Novara, Victor Emmanuel II did not say to anyone, not even to himself: I want to become king of Italy even at the risk of ending up a private citizen. As evening descended upon the battlefield of defeat, and as Charles Albert set out for exile after his abdication, the new king, accompanied by a single minister, decided upon two objectives which he considered indissolubly connected one with the other. The first was to maintain and consolidate the constitutional kingdom of Piedmont; the second to maintain and consolidate the movement of the Italian nationalist cause through his kingdom. Victor Emmanuel II was an authentic, first class political man, and second only to Cavour in government matters. He did resent somewhat Cavour's superiority, and at times balked at it. But resentful or balking he furnished Cavour with the necessary basis for his task by applying the spur or the rein at the opportune moment (actually he applied the first much more than the second). Within the historical framework we know, the unification of Italy is inconceivable without one or the other man. Victor Emmanuel II was certainly ambitious and authoritarian, and at times was even given to boasting. We see clearly in him the impossibility of dissociating the personal element from the political-ethical ones. This element is like salt in the food, like the engine in a machine. Spurred by the desire for greatness and by the realization of his own capabilities the statesman conceives his task, but this could not be realized, or would at least be different, without the personal stimulus. The difference between one authentic statesman and another consists in the ability to hide, to a greater or lesser degree, this stimulus; a question which

is basically one of taste, of esthetics, rather than one of historical import or moral judgement.

The earliest avocation of Victor Emmanuel II (and the one which always persisted in his heart) was for a military career envisioned through 19th century romantic ideas. It will be fitting here to recall an episode about the Duke of Savoy (this was the litle of Victor Emmanuel when he was heir to the throne). On the night of March 23, 1848, the Duke, wrapped in a cloak that covered him up to his face, overtook on the road the first Premier of the constitutional government, Cesare Balbo, to ask him to be kept in mind when the army scheduled to cross the Ticino was organized. But already after Custoza, in the period of the armistice, his political interests began to develop. He asked General Dabormida to be kept abreast of the status of the Franco-English mediations, and of the ministerial situation, complaining that he was "completely in the dark of the political developments of our country." Undoubtedly his ultimate goal was to learn if and when hostilities would be resumed, but the emphasis he placed on the relation between the political and the military situation was typical of him. Equally typical was his preoccupation with rigid military discipline accompanied, nevertheless, by a wholesome sense of humor "We must blindly obey those who blindly lead us," "If you wish to live a long time upon this earth, enlist in the Cavalry in war time." His first proclamation of March 27, 1849 (without any minister's countersignature) outlined concisely the whole program necessary in the initial stage: safeguarding of the country's honor, nursing of the wounds, and consolidation of the constitutional institutions. His coldly realistic view of the situation is vividly depicted by his mocking words to Menabrea, a deputy, who was almost killed by a falling piece of ceiling at Palazzo Madama (the king was there to take his oath) "Don't pay too much attention to it, we'll see bigger things than this." In spite of

certain initial uncertainties, and some moments of discouragement, the first years of his reign bear witness to a sense of balance, of awareness and of tact. Caught between the pressure from the right (especially from his mother) and the provocations from the left, be followed the constitutional line with authority, firmess and loyalty. This was evident in his choice of Massimo D'Azeglio as the new president of the Council of Ministers, after the brief appointment of Delaunay who had been sponsored by his father. Some of his words in his first proclamation at Moncalieri on July 3, might seem too strongly colored "Europe, threatened in its social existence, is now forced to choose between it and freedom." Actually this feeling corresponded to the state of mind of the European leaders and it served well to strengthen his other warning "It is up to you, to your wisdom, to guard yourselves from the extremes of either making liberty impossible, or the Statute unworkable." This motif reappears in the second, and better known proclamation for the new dissolution of Parliament, but it does not imply any intent to suppress or suspend the Statute; it appears simply as the application of the peace treaty with Austria by royal authority. The reactionaries who awaited a coup d'état, or at least some very restrictive laws, were disappointed. Nor did the pressure exerted by foreign governments and rulers have any results. These pressures, incidentally, should be the object of an accurate historical analysis. In the following year, 1850, on the occasion of the abolition of the Ecclesiastical Forum, the king found himself forced to avow the constitutionality of his reign and of the state in relation to the traditional ecclesiastic privileges. This he did, in spite of his profound devotion to the Church and to Pius IX. This was the first phase of a battle that lasted throughout his life, and which became more and more difficult with time, but also more significant in its victory. This battle contributed as much, if not more, than the military battles to the establishment

of the Italian State, and even today it retains an exemplary value. A similar value may be assigned to Victor Emmanuel II's behaviour toward the *entente* Cavour-Rattazzi, and toward the subsequent rise and prolonged permanence in power of Cavour. This development was politically speaking necessary and of the greatest utility, but not always easily reconciled with the policy-making function which the king considered his right and his duty. The ten years of collaboration between Victor Emmanuel II and Cavour were marked by numberless discords, but in general whenever the best policy for the country was involved agreement was always forthcoming. Victor Emmanuel II found himself in agreement with Cavour on the matter of the Crimean expedition and perhaps was in favor of it even before Cavour himself. He backed Cavour with all his strength and daring in connection with the Congress of Paris, and for a bolder conception of Piedmont's mission in Italy. Alongside of Cavour he faced Napoleon III and the rest of Europe for the defense of the kingdom's independence and prestige, for the promotion of the alliance and of the war, for the consolidation of Central and Southern Italy. At the time of Garibaldi's expedition it was Victor Emmanuel II who won over a reluctant Cavour. It is, in fact, in regards to Garibaldi that Victor Emmanuel II's role appears particularly beneficial and even decisive. It was the charm of the king's personality together with the General's good sense that made possible the decisive exploits of Garibaldi within the only workable framework of the internal and international situation. Victor Emmanuel II, supposedly anti-Cavour, did not besitate to reply negatively to Garibaldi's request that Cavour be removed from office; and it was the same Victor Emmanuel II who was able to impose his veto on Garibaldi's plan to advance from Naples upon Rome.

After the death of Cavour, Victor Emmanuel II was greatly helped by his realistic appraisal of the situation

at home and abroad. These qualities permitted him to continue to stimulate and control the advance toward the national goal. We may racall as particularly typical his secret negotiations with Mazzini, and as particularly praiseworthy his acceptance of the transfer of the capital from Turin to Florence. It was at the king's insistence that the choice fell on Florence in favor of Naples, because he realized, with great good sense, that it would have been much harder to transfert it again from the latter city. Finally we may consider as highly significant his reaction to Rouber's *jamais* at Mentana, by which he forced the latter to retract his own words. Even after September 20, 1870 the superior directive function of the "Father of the Country" did not cease. It found its realization in the resolute affirmation of Italy's right to Rome, counterbalanced by a deferential consideration for the Pope, and in the careful relations with France on the one hand and the Central Powers on the other. But the king's greatest accomplishment in his last years was the peaceful transition of the governement from the right to the left, thus definitely establishing the parliamentary regime. When he prematurely died, mourned by the whole nation, he could well have said: *Cursum consummavi, fidem servavi.* In this, the Centenary not only of Italian unity, but of the proclamation of Rome as capital, we can best conclude this commemoration of Victor Emmanuel II by repeating his own words to the Roman delegation that presented him with the results of the Plebiscite of October 2: "The difficult task is completed, and our country is once again reconstituted. The name of Rome, the greatest name that human lips can utter, is once again rejoined to the name of Italy, the name dearest to my heart."

Giuseppe Mazzini

At the end of the 18th century, under the direct stimulus of the French Revolution and within its expanding framework, there began the period of creation of the independent, free and united state in the thousand-year long history of Italy. The essential element of this process was a double development: one popular and one monarchist. This dualism was, in the initial phase, a simple alternative, but toward the end it became a discordant harmony. In August 1796 the following popular song could be heard in all the streets of Milan: "One mother, the same land, gave us life and nourish us; the enemy of unity is an enemy of the common good." A few months later the sentiments of the song were translated by Melchiorre Gioia into a dissertation which championed the concept of the Republic as one and indivisible. With the advent of Napoleon to the imperial throne the ideal of unity began to wane. It was again brought to the foreground in 1814-15 by Murat, whose following included the remaining patriots of 1799. But this was a fleeting and brief interlude. After the first years of the Restoration, during the patriotic movements of 1820-21, some elements of a monarchist and dynastic concept appear alongside the military aims, and there were occasionally even references to a federalist program which harkened back to Alfieri's thesis that Italy should be divided into two kingdoms. The insurrection in Central Italy, and the disarming of Zucchi's troops by order of the government of Bologna, marked another and further step backward. It was the last appeal to France (doomed to failure), in the name of non-intervention, to stop the Austrian army advancing to restore the Pope-King. It was at this lowest ebb of morale that Mazzini's activity began, at a time when the liberal patriots had become engrossed in that self-examination that produced the manifestoes of Azeglio, Balbo and Gioberti, and the

reform movement of 1846-47. With Giuseppe Mazzini, the founder of *Young Italy*, the popular ideal of unity came back to a new life, no longer as the reflection of a foreign revolution and occupation (from which, however, it had inherited some essential elements), but as an autonomous national movement. Thus the Italian democratic-nationalist movement found its own place among similar other movements in Europe, and even rose to a place of leadership. This leadership was not restricted to the idealistic level but manifested itself in the numerous *Young* groups that appeared in Germany and Spain where they arrived via France and Switzerland. These were nuclei of modest dimensions and of short duration, still we cannot dismiss them as fleeting sparks because they were the foundations of the vast and lasting international connections of Mazzini, the conspirator and agitator. These connections had a didactic function for European democracy which even today, under new and different conditions, remains the strongest force for the creation of an ever increasingly free and just society.

With the founding of the *Young Italy* and with his subsequent activity, Mazzini provided the strongest and most decisive impulse to the creation of an Italian national consciousness, and for its practical realizations into those achievements that we are celebrating this year, on the occasion of the first Centenary. Independence, liberty, unity; those were the three ideas that were to constitute the essence of the Italian national consciousness. Of these the last one: unity, was the basic concept. Without unity there could be no certain independence, no fruitful freedom, no power sufficient for self-defense or to carry out the mission assigned by God to each nation. This was the fixed idea, the vital intuition, the religious faith of Mazzini. Italy's mission was to spark the awakening of the oppressed nations, to found a truly holy alliance of all people, against the self-styled holy alliance of the kings. The entrance of Italy into the modern world was

envisioned and championed (with accurate perception of the immediate reality) by the liberal patriots as its rise to the level of European civilization. In Mazzini's conception it became a formidable step forward for Italy who would thereby become a leader in the new Europe. It was an utopian dream — as later events proved — if considered literally, as an immediate program, entirely pre-established. On the other hand, if we transpose it into its historical terms it becomes a reality wonderfully come true, for these historical terms are the creation of an independent Italy, free and united, accepted or endured by Europe, that is, by the European powers and leaders. In 1854 Giuseppe Mazzini wrote: "It is essential for mankind's progress that Italy be united and free; and so it shall be." The solution of the Italian problem was actually the primary condition for the necessary transformation of Europe, for the creation of a new order to be substituted for the old one, without destroying the permanent and vital elements of the latter. This fact is only now being taken into account by Italian and foreign historians. The bomb tossed by Orsini on January 14, 1858, and the words of the dying conspirator to the escaped emperor, were the bloody seal upon the European necessity for a new Italy. Similarly the various attempts at insurrection that ended in failure, from the one of the Bandiera brothers to that of Pisacane (we must describe these insurgents as *mazziniani* even if both attempts were discouraged by Mazzini who could at the right moment show a definite sense of political realism) constituted the main spring that Cavour, at the right moment and systematically, set in motion to urge Napoleon III to hasten and intensify the rapprochement between his political policies and the ideals rooted in his spirit. After Napoleon it was possible to induce the other European powers to accept, willingly or unvillingly, openly or tacitly, the revolutionary daring of Italy. But Cavour's political policies, countersigned for the benefit of Europe

by Victor Emmanuel II, could not by themselves have set the mainspring in motion if Mazzini's influence had been limited to the acts of terrorism. Indeed, these very bold revolutionary exploits would have resulted in a stiffened resistance by the old order which did continue to control the greater part of the material resources. Actually Mazzini's influence had a much wider scope. It comprised over thirty years of political-ethical preaching, increasingly effective and widespread, presenting the Italian national aspirations as reasonable, just, holy; as the first article of a *credo* that embraced all of European life, indeed all of humanity. This was true for the various Italian political and social levels, but even more for the ones outside of Italy, and especially for those elites of the West (particularly English) that contributed so heavily to creating a place for the Italian nationalist cause in the conscience and in the political orientation of Europe. More than a century after his death, Mazzini's superior influence continues to be felt, on the social as well as on the political level, not only in Europe but throughout the world, preserving its distinctive Italian connotation. In this connection one cannot help recalling that although Marx replaced and defeated Mazzini in the last third of the 19th century, in this century it is Mazzini who is well on the way of replacing and defeating Marx (who, it is true, has been deformed and distorted by Lenin and Stalin). Today socialism emerges as the fundamental system for the economic and moral life of every nation within a framework of equality and freedom at home and abroad. This system corresponds to the ideal of Mazzini, who considered the national state as a life-community based on the law of free personal activity. Mazzini's hostile prejudice against a national-monarchist undertaking — which he believed both impossible and unacceptable — was generated and kept alive in his mind by many and complex factors. Among these were; his religious faith, not devoid of a touch of fanaticism in its popular mani-

festations (what faith is completely devoid of it?); the disappointing experiences of 1848; his mortal opposition to the French emperor who had destroyed the Roman Republic of 1849; his equally strong opposition to Cavour (unjustly considered by him a simple instrument of Napoleon's political goals, also to a great extent a creation of Mazzini's imagination); and finally his prejudices against a constitutional parliamentary monarchy which he considered a corrupting element. However, if we pass from theoretical considerations to concrete facts it becomes obvious that Mazzini's prejudices did not prompt his excommunication or lead to opposition culminating in sabotage. On the contrary, at the climax of Italian unification, it even made allowances for the widest cooperation. The revolution in Central Italy, the Thousand's expedition, the occupation of Marche and Umbria, represented after all some of Mazzini's ideas, whose realization he favored even when it was perfectly clear that it was the most spectacular instance (painful to himself) of *sic vos non vobis*, such as has never been recorded in history. Furthermore, Mazzini's opposition to the principle of a kingdom of Italy not established by a National Constituent Assembly, cannot be evaluated solely through its idealistic coherence. It was also a great political force because it kept alive through the Risorgimento and its aftermath the ultimate value of popular self-determination and total democracy. It contributed to the progressive development of the Italian State before and after the First World War, and it furnished the moral inspiration and the political foundations for the present-day Italian Republic. The last word on the meaning of Mazzini's accomplishments was spoken by himself on his death bed. In answer to the doctor who showed surprise at how perfectly Mr. George Brown (it was under this English name that Mazzini was then living in hiding at Pisa) spoke Italian, he said: "But I am Italian. I have

loved my country deeply and I believe that I have done something on its behalf."

Giuseppe Garibaldi

The Italian popular movement which found in Giuseppe Mazzini its chief theorizer, propagandist and instigator, was translated into action by Giuseppe Garibaldi. The latter deliberately carried it out without "taking orders," without consultations with the former; in fact, often in open contrast with him, if not on the fundamental ideas and on the final objective, certainly on the political conduct to be adopted to achieve the one and the other. Having made Mazzini's concepts his own, Garibaldi brought them to life in cooperation with the king of Savoy. His motto was "Italy and Victor Emmanuel" and it remained unchanged even after Aspromonte and Mentana. This contact was maintained by Garibaldi directly with the king and not through the government. In fact with the government, and particularly with Cavour, disagreement was always deeper than agreement, until it reached the point of open conflict and even public condemnation of the royal minister. This was not due to any rapprochement between Garibaldi and Mazzini. Nevertheless in each of these conflicts the master, Mazzini, was able to detect each time a personal vindication over the insubordinate pupil, Garibaldi, who had in turn become a master. Still Mazzini had to come to the conclusion that the substantial cooperation between the king and the people's leader would survive and would have the last word. Thus the period between 1859 and 1861 presented a complicated interplay of agreements and contrasts, of meeting and disputes among the four great men. But not among all of them at the same time, but rather in pairs, such as Garibaldi-Mazzini, Garibaldi-Victor Emmanuel, Cavour-Garibaldi, Cavour-Victor Emmanuel. It was a manifold Gordian knot which was not cut

by the sword of any king-God, but untied, fortunately for our country, for Europe and for humanity, through two moral principles common in varying degrees to the four men: political wisdom and love for their country. Let us read again the famous toast that Garibaldi offered to Mazzini on April 17, 1864, in London, at the house of Alexander Herzen: "Today I want to fulfill a duty that I should have fulfilled some time ago. Here, among us, there is a man who has rendered the greatest service to my native country and to freedom in general. When I was still a boy and I had only vague impulses, I sought a man who might be the guide, the counsellor of my youth. I sought him as a thirsty man seeks water — I found him. He alone kept watch when everyone else slept. He became my friend and will always be that. The sacred flame of love for his country and for freedom has never died in him. This man is Giuseppe Mazzini; I offer a toast to him, to my friend, to my teacher." In this toast, that we can call one of the most stupendous lyric of universal poetry, there is not a word which is not true, even in regards to the ideals of Mazzini and Garibaldi. To those who persist in questioning, or even belittling, the importance of Mazzini's contribution, it is sufficient to recall this toast, adding, or rather underscoring, that the wonderful fruits of Mazzini's fertile words grew in a soil particularly well suited for them. The failure of the Genoa insurrection on the night of February 3, 1834, made a political exile of Garibaldi and marked the beginning of the fame of his personality and of his plan for a military undertaking of national character. This plan, though only implicit in the brief war he lead in favor of the Brasilian Republic of Rio Grande, was clearly brought out in the long struggle for the defense of Montevideo against the Argentine dictator Rosas. In this action Garibaldi was in command of an *Italian Legion* whose flag was a black cloth with the erupting Vesuvius depicted in the center. Not only did the *Legion* serve as military

and political training, but it also was an important contribution to the advancement of the Italian cause in the world. It was this legion — the exact circumstances seem now forgotten — that for the first time adopted the "red shirts" that were to become the symbol of the *garibaldini*. As early as 1844 Mazzini had thought of employing Garibaldi's legion for his revolutionary plans. In a letter of June 1845 he speaks of an offer in this sense which had been made by Garibaldi twice. He sent an emissary to the General, but nothing came of it, at least at that time. In another letter of January 1847 Mazzini complained that an expedition to be lead by Garibaldi was being prepared "without orders from me." Then in October there was Garibaldi's typical offer to Pius IX made through the Papal Nuncio in Brasil and as a reaction to the so called "Gregorian conspiracy," again without Mazzini's approval and again without results. As the national movement gained momentum Garibaldi decided to leave, and in February 1848 he sent Medici to Italy to recruit volunteers. He instructed him to come to terms with Mazzini, but categorically stated that they were going: "not to upset the present stauts or to create opposition to the goverments that are favorable but to make common cause with the good ones" (the use of the term "good" is typically mazzinian), and above all to: "proceed wherever a path is opened for us to act against the Germans." In other words it would be the *porro unum necessarium* as stated by Balbo; a federation of princes, a resurgent neo-guelphism. When Garibaldi finally landed at Niece on June 21, 1848, Charles Albert's war against the Austrians (until then successful) was at its peak. Garibaldi, faithful to his premise, declared that he would put aside his republican beliefs, and placed himself at Charles Albert's orders, encouraging all others to do the same. It was, in fact, with the king and not with Mazzini that he consulted, persevering in his attempts to secure command of a volunteer corps. Charles Albert on this

occasion was more than ever a *Re Tentenna* (wavering king), and Garibaldi found himself sent from pillar to post, until the provisional government of Milan appointed him General in charge of a brigade. The appointment, however, remained only on paper. Finally Garibaldi organized the *Anzani Battallion* and with a stirring manifesto called upon Italian youth to gather around him. Mazzini acted as flagbearer on his march upon Bergamo. Called back to the defense of Milan, the surrender of August 5 put an end to Garibaldi's activity as a regular. He then turned back to Mazzini's precepts. He repudiated the Salasco Armistice and Charles Albert, and in a proclamation to the Italian people (August 13) he used the inscription "God and People." "The people will no longer be deceived. They have become aware of their sovereign power." But Mazzini by this time was far away, at Lugano, organizing by himself the insurrection of Val d'Intelvi which was to end in failure in October. Garibaldi fought valiantly in the Comasco region, at Luino and at Morazzone. But to escape encirclement he was forced to flee to Switzerland from where he returned to Italy through France. During these events in Lombardy the smouldering disagreement with Mazzini became deeper. It flared up again, repeatedly, at Rome. But discord was relegated to the background by the cooperation that prevailed during the heroic defense of the Roman Republic (the symbol of the Italian awareness to its right to self-determination), and in the immortal glory achieved by the fighters at Vascello and Villa Spada. It was a defeat that counted much more than many victories, and as a result of which Rome became consecrated to Italy's future. This consecration was sealed by the legendary retreat of Garibaldi who with heoric conciseness proclaimed it thus to his followers: "This is what you must expect; heat and thirst during the day, cold and hunger at night."

After the final failure of the revolution of 1848,

Mazzini once again resorted to conspiracy and propaganda. But he had shifted to a level of thought which was more decisively European in scope. It is no longer possible to dismiss it as utopian since some of its essential elements are found also in Gioberti's *Rinnovamento*, as for example the desired and prophesied victory of democracy in France against reaction personified (according to Mazzini) by Louis Napoleon; and the advance of the rebirth in Italy to go hand in hand with it. In fact the idea of an Italian popular initiative comes to the surface again, and the Italian insurrection is visualized as preparing the road for a democratic victory in Italy and in Europe. But instead of a democratic victory it was Louis Napoleon's coup d'état that took place. The Second Empire, however, did not become the champion of reaction. In Italy, meanwhile, where Austrian reactionary policies triumphed, only one state, the same of 1848, kept the Italian tricolor flying high. Such was the situation that Garibaldi found in 1854 when he returned from his second American exile. His first and realistic reaction was the letter of August 4, 1854, to the *Italia del Popolo*, in which he curtly condemned the insurrectional attempts of Mazzinian inspiration. Mazzini, on the other hand, under the pretext of the Crimean war, was attempting to promote through an Italian popular insurrection a crusade for the liberation of Europe from the Austro-Russian-Prussian absolutism. It was in the solitude of Caprera that Garibaldi became convinced that under the circumstances nothing could be accomplished through a strictly popular movement. In Piedmont, instead, with Victor Emmanuel and Cavour — whose policies in Crimea he favored — there were: "elements for initiative and success" upon which Italian attention became more and more focused. Garibaldi declared later that he had been a predecessor of Manin and Pallavicino in the idea of a *raillement*. Whatever the case, there arose an immediate and spontaneous desire in Garibaldi to associate himself with a Piedmont, ready

to act for the independence and unification of Italy. "Otherwise, no". This was the program that took shape in the *Società Nazionale*. Having taken the lead from Piedmont in that direction, Garibaldi was quick to reaffirm his adherence to Mazzini's program. In Central Italy, after Villafranca, he dreamt in Mazzinian fashion, of advancing into Marche and Abruzzi at the head of the Emilian-Tuscan army toward the kingdom of Naples. The king, during the premiership of Rattazzi, put a timely stop to this plan. Later, Cavour, once again in power, tried to stop him when he was on his way to Sicily. But this time the team Victor Emmanuel-Garibaldi functioned smoothly and Cavour finally came around and aided him within the limits of constitutional legality. Differences arose again when Garibaldi delayed the annexation of Sicily, crossed over to the mainland and from Naples made plans to advance upon Rome. This time, however, the king teamed up with Cavour and refused to sacrifice him to Garibaldi who once again turned a pure Mazzinian. The expedition into Marche and Umbria returned the initiative to the Monarchy and Garibaldi — with bitterness in his heart — agreed to return within the picture. By this time the kingdom of Italy had been founded.

What followed did not in any way alter the established monarchist-popular policy. To Garibaldi remained the task of keeping alive the Italian demands for Rome. Aspromonte and Mentana fulfilled this obligation with the blood of Garibaldi and his followers. Brutally attacked in 1862 by the king's general Cialdini, as if he were an enemy to be destroyed, abandoned by the king and his government in 1867, after the futile attempt to repeat the coup of September 1860 for Umbria and the Marche, Garibaldi withdrew fully aware that his mission in Italy had come to an end. When the rumor spread that he, like a new Cincinnatus or Coriolanus was going to return to America, he wrote from Caprera allowing that he was:

"a little tired of preaching in the desert. But what would I do in America? If I am not carried away by force, I shall lay my bones in this, my earth."

Camillo di Cavour

A precocious boy in intelligence and daring the *piccolo Cavour giacobino* was dismissed by Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano, became a restless army officer of republican leanings, tendered his resignations shortly after, and completed his intellectual and moral education between the age of twenty and thirty. Born of an old and noble family, Cavour grew up within the circle of Piedmontese aristocracy which was then almost hermetically sealed off from the other social classes, and only tenuously connected with the rest of Italy. It was, instead, more openly oriented toward Western Europe. Cavour's family, in fact, was in close contact with its relatives in Geneva. Aside from his sojourn in Geneva and his bonds with the French Embassy in Turin (at the time of Louis Philippe) Cavour benefited from his trips to Paris and London and from his wide and persistent reading. In other words Cavour, a Piedmontese, received a Western European education. The first gust of republicanism, after the July days, came at the time (1830) of Cavour's first and most intense love for *Nina* Giustiniani, who was a Mazzinian even before Mazzini himself. Cavour wavered back and forth between *movimento* and *resistenza* (this second term had in those days a meaning opposite to that given to it today). In 1833 he declared that he had settled for "an honest *juste milieu.*" Being convinced that the world was advancing irresistibly "toward a new purpose" he was determined to work with all his strength for "social progress." He was definitely opposed to a violent overthrow of the existing order, even if the latter was unsatisfactory. Years later he declared that he was hardly willing "to sacrifice the present for the uncertain *chances*

of the future." Order and liberty were for him "the greatest basis for the welfare of Christian societies threatened by the blindness of the extreme parties" (obviously both extremes). On the eve of 1848 he rounded out this political credo by exalting "experience and reason." Nevertheless even in 1833 he had declared flatly that his *juste milieu* did not prevent him from desiring the deliverance of Italy "from the barbarians who oppressed her" at the earliest possible date. This declaration was in full agreement with what he had said in December of 1830 about "unfortunate Italy" which "bowed under civil and religious oppression" remained outside Europe's "irresistible" road to progress. His attachment for his country, which became enlarged to include not only Piedmont but all of Italy, became evident in his passionate outburst in 1835 against Pellegrino Rossi who had become first a Swiss and then a French citizen. One cannot achieve glorious goals by denying one's own country, he declared. Rossi who had abjured his country and "will no longer be anything for us," could someday have played an important role in Italy by leading his countrymen "on the new roads that civilization opens every day." There is no doubt that Cavour foresaw himself in the role of this supreme guide. However, he "did not serve thinking of the kingdom" as Manzoni's Bonaparte, and decided instead to become a farmer; a dynamic, modern farmer who became rich but who continued to love politics "almost as much as my calves and my cheese." In 1846, before the election of Pius IX to the Papacy, Cavour outlined a complete national program in his essay *Des Chemins de fer en Italie*. In this document he condemned the organization which the Congress of Vienna had decreed for Italy, and he acknowledged the failure of the revolutionary movements from 1820 on. But he also vindicated the permanent reality of an Italian nation, and the necessity of its independence to be achieved with the participation of the Italians, with the cooperation

of subjects and rulers, and by taking advange of any favorable circumstance. The Italian national feeling would then increase daily, bringing together all the different parties of Italy, permitting the country to rise to the level of the most civilized nations. There are three elements to be noted in this keen mixture of reality optimistically observed, and ideals courageoulsy chamnioned: first, the idea repeatedly brought out of the connection between a national *Risorgimento* and European civilization; second, the recognition of a national conscience already mature and widespread; third, the close relationship between Italian independence and unification.

In 1853, at the beginning of his career as head of the government Cavour stated before the Chamber that there are occasions that require political compromise, and others that demand resolute political action. The wisdom of the political man consisted in his ability to recognize these different occasions. Personally, "by character," he leaned more toward resolute political action. These leanings were already present in Cavour in 1848 as shown by the following three episodes: his request for a constitution and a parliament presented between December 1847 and January 1848, when everybody in Piedmont was still talking of reforms; his article in *Risorgimento* of March 23, 1848, urging the advance upon Milan, even with only five thousand men and even at the cost of a defeat; his first long speech before the Chamber on October 20, 1848, in which he affirmed the existence of a close connection between the liberation of the Lombardo-Veneto from Austria and the nationalist movement among the Slavs that could change the Austrian empire into a Slavic empire. These daring possibilities were never cast into a coordinated political policy. During the first and Second Subalpine Parliament Cavour seemed to shift toward conservatism and *resistenza*; this earned him the opposition of the left without gaining him the support of the right. After Novara when (thanks to the team Victor

Emmanuel-Azeglio) a period of fruitful internal consolidation aimed at progress began, Cavour's star rose quickly to the highest position in the government. As early as 1849 and 1850 he seized the opportunity for resolute political action (which he was to present as a theoretical possibility later in May of 1853), when in cooperation with Rattazzi he carried out a coalition of the parties of the center in opposition to the two extreme parties. This coalition was called *connubio* and it founded the only authentic liberal party in the history of the Italian Parliament. It marked the achievement of the perfect fusion between country and freedom that made of the Italian *Risorgimento* the central fact in the political development of 19th century Europe. At the time when all of Europe accepted, or at least submitted to Austrian-Russian reaction, and this acceptance seemed confirmed by Louis Napoleon's coup d'état (it should be recalled that Palmerston, the liberal English leader, was enthusiastic about the coup), Cavour gave a decisive forward push to the Italo-Piedmontese political policies. He consolidated the liberal internal organization as a positive answer to reaction, and in the face of looming Austrian threats he reaffirmed the national role of Piedmont. It was a daring but not a rash step, because it was accompanied by the double intuition that the new French emperor would be by necessity and by conviction the defender of Piedmontese independence, and the sponsor of Italian unity; and that the other powers would — bon gré, mal gré — acquiesce to the new fate ol Italy.

The founding of the Italian kingdom could be represented, with great but not arbitrary oversimplification, as the result of three great opportunities that Cavour seized and exploited to the utmost. These would be: the Crimean War and the Congress of Paris; the war in Lombardy and the revolution in Central Italy; the Thousand's and the Marche-Umbria expeditions. None of these three opportunities were the result of Cavour's

own initiative. But in each of them he succeeded in placing himself in a central political position and in carrying out Italy's political program. Piedmont's participation on equal moral terms, first in the Crimean War and above all in the Congress of Paris and in the subsequent European political arrangement, allowed Cavour to play the game of the three or, more exactly, of the four balls (to borrow a phrase that Caprivi used in connection with Bismarck). Having boldly made a place for himself in the company of France, England and Russia (but without neglecting the "new era" Prussia), he retained his position with dexterity and continued to intensify his activity. From then on he never failed to place before the powers, at every opportunity, the question of Italy as the fundamental knot for European peace and order. This knot, of course, could be untied only by taking cognizance of the new rights of the people, that the Piedmontese monarchy, a happy combination of tradition and progress, of liberty and order would staunchly defend. In other words, either the liberal and national monarchy of Victor Emmanuel, or the continual upheavals of "subversive" democracy. A similar dilemma had been presented to Europe by Mazzini, fundamentally a man who strongly believed in order and authority. But his "God and People," his federation of free and sovereign people, aside from the fact that it had very little chance for success, could not be acceptable to the ruling classes of Europe, even to those liberally inclined. It was for these reasons that Napoleon III agreed at Plombières not (as Mazzini contented) to the House of Savoy's old aspirations over Lombardy, but to the total reconstruction of Italy and to the exploitation of the Italian popular movement in its favor. Hence the immediate association of the revolution in Central Italy with the war against Austria and with the establishment of the national monarchy at Florence. Hence the people's expedition of the Thousand (at first oposed by Cavour who was no longer as daring as

be had been at Villafranca, but who later aided it with his political-diplomatic manouvers) was able to overthrow the Bourbon kingdom and then, always in the name of European order and freedom, the royal expedition into Marche and Umbria could be carried out. Imperial France remained tolerant and protective, liberal England endorsed the action, and Russia, passively sullen, chose to be more anti-Austrian than conservative. Thus Italian unity was established.

The backbone of Cavour's political policies was to retain the initiative for the Monarchy, over and above the popular movement which had to be favored and spurred, but at the same time, checked and contained. Hence his anguished preoccupation in the Summer of 1860 when he was faced by Garibaldi as the sole national leader of Southern Italy (and threatening to march on Rome). It was this preoccupation that inspired the unsuccessful uprising for the Monarchy in Naples, and stirred the rash hope for a new war of the Monarchy against Austria. But the inspiration for this political course did not stem solely from Cavour's allegiance to the Monarchy and to the government, nor from simple opportunism at home and abroad. It was equally, if not more, inspired by national and liberal sentiments. Cavour was convinced that, abandoned to itself, the popular movement would have ended in dictatorship at home and disaster abroad. With a point of view, timely even for today, he suggested that the remedy against demagogical tyranny from below, was a free political competition regulated by a parliamentary regime. Even more lofty, and of greater universal value, was Cavour's inspiration concerning the problem of Rome. In his last important speech of March 25, 1861, Cavour declared that Rome, "our North Star," had to become Italian. When this came to pass Italy would have proclaimed "the great principle of a free Church in a free State." What would be achieved would be greater and more sublime than the resurrection

of a nation. It would be "the signing of peace between Church and State, between religious spirit and the great principles of freedom." It is useless today to discuss how much of this was prophecy and how much Utopia. We can say, however, that it pointed to a perennial goal of humanity: the reconciliation of faith and reason. The fact that he pointed this out in the midst of the harshest and most passionate political travail is sufficient to raise the greatest political man of the 19th century among the "North Stars" of human progress; it is sufficient to place Camillo Cavour next to Giuseppe Mazzini.

Translated by Carlo L. Golino

United Italy: Its Achievements and Lasting Problems

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The Centenary of Italian Unification is a very interesting and most important event. It cannot, therefore, be passed off by warming up the old clichés about three thousand years of civilization, the Third Rome, by remembering once again the mind of Cavour, the heart of Mazzini, the arm of Garibaldi and the horsemanship of Victor Emmanuel II. All these things have their historical place, to be sure, but not, I think, today, in 1961. We have other problems and other concerns in an age of social transformation and global conflicts. Let us rather see Italian unification as a live and continuing process. Therefore, we should take a hard, realistic look at what Italian unification and independence actually meant in their own times. What making Italy and making the Italians really involved during the years between 1861 and 1914. The Risorgimento set in motion a complex process of nation-building which really worked itself out only in the fifty years *after* the peninsula was officially and formally recognized by Europe as a united kingdom. These fifty years of growing-pains and disappointments, of achievement and real progress, laid the groundwork

for the Italian state of our own times and brought forth an Italian nation, after much travail. There was no Italian nation in 1861, but only small knots of aristocrats, reformers and revolutionaries, determined to make a nation in spite of the bigotry and backwardness of most of the population of the peninsula, in spite of the jealousies and hostilities of much of the European military, diplomatic, noble and clerical classes. But in 1914, on the other hand, Italy was the sixth great power of Europe, recognized and courted as such. Still unsteady and partly immature the Italian nation had finally become a force in the history of Europe.

These fifty-odd years constitute the subject of this article: the real and effective story of Italian unification. To begin with, Italy was made by an *elite*. The foundations of the Italian State, the birth of which we are commemorating this year, were laid between 1860 and 1876 by a small group of liberally inclined gentlemen, men of means, position and talent who intended to put their country on a level with the more advanced states of Western Europe. To achieve that purpose, the liberal aristocrats of the Italian kingdom did not hesitate to call upon the energies of the revolutionary democrats; but they had no intention of establishing democracy, in the sense of government by all the people, in Italy of the Nineteenth Century. They rather aimed at some more modest and practicable goals: the creation in Italy of conditions in which modern agriculture could flourish, by seizing the previously untochable real estate of the Roman Catholic Church; the creation of a national market throughout the peninsula, by financing and occasionally subsidizing a far-flung railroad network, which was the real technical material basis for Italian national unity and the precondition for Italy's industrial growth. Feudal land-laws were swept away, and ancient peasant rights abolished, so that land might become a commodity, and landholding a business. State police, state postal services,

state telegraph wires, state monopolies of salt and tobacco, state institutes of higher and middle education: these were the enduring works of the liberal oligarchy of the 1860's and 70's. The liberal gentlemen-statesmen of the old Italy built to last. They worked under the running fire of excommunications and condemnations from the Roman Pontiff, Pius IX, and their work of building Italy was carried on by the next generation under the subtler attacks of Pope Leo XIII, who first spread a diplomatic net in which it was hoped that the new Italy might stumble, and then, when that didn't work, he encouraged the spread of Catholic social organizations, banks, cooperatives and farm unions, in North Italy, in order to deepen the rift between Catholic believers and the New Italian State. But after 1900 it turned out instead that the new Catholic party organizations served only to build Italy, to strengthen the new constitutional state. The Liberals had outlasted the papal siege, and the Catholic believer became an Italian citizen, a prop of the Liberal State against the Socialists.

Even more impressive was the trial that the structure of the Italian State underwent during the twenty years of Fascist misrule. Again, it turned out that the old liberals had built solidly and well: in Germany Hitler and the National Socialist Party liquidated the German State: in Italy the old constitutional State liquidated Mussolini and the Fascist Party, as the war began going badly. The contrast is instructive, and shows how seriously the liberals had worked: parties and regimes come and go, but the Italian State, with all its strengths and weaknesses, survives them all.

Weaknesses old liberal Italy had, and in abundance. The principal inner weakness of United Italy was the lack of contact and understanding between the State and the masses of the Italian people. The Kingdom of Italy did not command the loyalties nor capture the imagination of millions of its citizens, and in this lay its tragic flaw.

During the first twenty years of Italian unity only a small proportion of Italy's citizens had the right to vote, for which substantial property qualifications were demanded. The masses were denied that elementary symbol of participation that every modern state freely grants to its citizens. It is hard to blame the Liberals for this narrowness, for a broad suffrage would have probably brought to Rome a parliament composed of Clerical papal Catholics, Republican Democrats and Socialists or Anarchists, an assembly divided between those who wished to turn the clock back to the Middle Ages and those who wished to turn the clock forward to social Utopia. This was no way for Italy to make her debut among the European powers, which were then suspicious and highly conservative, fearful on the one side of international revolution and, on the other, of a Pope claiming infallibility in his moral judgements. Italy *could* permit herself constitutional freedom: but it *had* to be enjoyed under a conservative monarchical government.

At any rate, suffrage was *not* the principal reason for the widening rift between the State and the Italian masses during those years in which Italy took shape. The real causes lay in taxes and military conscription. Both of them were unavoidable in the jumpy, militaristic Europe of the 1860's and 70's which had *no* giveaway aid program for new nations. The new state had old debts to pay, and had contracted some new ones, to pay for its great formative work. These debts had to be paid promptly, on the international exchanges of Paris and London, and they had to be made good *in gold*. A failure in credit, a damming of the stream of foreign money flowing into the peninsula, would have meant the end of Italy as modern nation. Turkey, China and Mexico were horrible examples of what happened to countries that failed to pay their international debts. Political inferiority and even military occupation were the penalties for bankruptcy. Without the brutal ruthless

taxing policy of the Liberal elite rulers of the the 1860's and 70's. Italy would become an economic and political vassal or satellite of the creditor states of Western Europe.

But the heavy, necessary tax burden fell in large part upon the consuming masses: the most fruitful tax was that on grain milling, which hit the masses directly. The worker paid more for his daily bread while the peasant saw his eldest son march off to the army. During the formative years of the Italian State, the masses saw in it a merciless tax collector or drill-sergeant, rather than a teacher or a provider of welfare. When finally the railroad network was going well, the budget was balanced, and the alarms of war somewhat abated, the Liberal Elite was forced to give way, in Parliament and in the Nation, to a less scrupulous but younger group of leaders calling themselves Democrats, onetime followers of Mazzini or Garibaldi who had gone over to the Kingdom of Italy, and now dominated the Chamber of Deputies. The Democrats, so called, promised an end to the grain milling tax and a broadening of the suffrage.

After a few years the new parliamentary leaders did indeed broaden the suffrage to include most Italians who could read and write, at least in North Italy, and they did abolish the hated milling tax, though a whole web of internal revenue consumption taxes remained to plague the small consumer and retailer. Beyond these few reforms the new leaders did nothing: as a distraction, they found anticlericalism a good issue. There was much brave talk about freedom of thought and about freeing mankind from the thralldom of hierarchical religion; in Italy anticlericalism and mockery of the Church has often been an outlet for political discontent. But in fact the so called democratic Italy of 1876-1900, beneath a front or facade of democratic-parliamentary government, was a stronghold of privilege and entrenched special interest. One ministry after the next bought or fixed elections with the aid of speculatively managed, adventurous

institutes of credit. The politicians took money from shaky banks, used it to win elections, and then protected from lawful government investigation the questionable banking practices that had given them the funds to stay in power. The one hand washed the other, until, in a moment of financial panic, the whole structure crashed to the ground and carried with it half the parliamentary leaders of so called Democratic Italy. The bank scandals of 1893 shook privileged governmental Italy to its foundations, and made many Italians wonder about their State.

There was much to investigate and criticize in this stronghold of special interest. The Italian State, during the last decades of the Nineteenth Century, served all too often as the tool of a set of *interlocking* political and economic interest groups. The militaristic monarchy of the House of Savoy, the Royal Army and *Carabinieri*, the tariff-protected and state-subsidized industries of munitions, steel and shipping, as well as a landlord class in South Italy and Sicily concerned above all things to keep its local peasantry in a state of unending servitude and debt: these interlocking privileged groups made Italian foreign and domestic policy for thirty bad years, endangering, in the end, the constitutional freedoms that the Risorgimento had won for all Italians. Ostensibly democratic governments signed military and dynastic alliances with Germany and Austria, playing international power politics for which the new Italy was ill-prepared, committing Italy to an arms program out of proportion to her real needs. A policy which pleased the Monarchy and the Royal Army, and benefited vastly some carefully protected hot-house industries of the North, but weighed heavily on the Italian taxpayer, the common man.

As if this were not in itself evil enough, the Italian armed forces in fact distinguished themselves above all in operations against the citizens of Italy themselves. Over and over again Italian troops were used to break strikes,

especially in the countryside, to arrest union leaders, to bring in crops and work fields where rural workers had stopped labor, in protest against low wages and miserable conditions. Italian laborers could get some protection from the courts, an enduring heritage of the liberal elite, and they got much understanding from enlightened Italians of the professional classes. But the executive arm of the government — ministers, policemen, soldiers — seemed raised solely against them, the militant working class of the nation, while the bankers got away with fraud and manipulation, working hand in glove with the managers of parliament. In the 1890's there seemed to be in Italy one law for the rich and another for the poor. The old rift between State and People, opened in the first years of united Italy, yawned ever wider, and the royal family conspicuously favored soldiers over workers in its works of charity and favor. The only lower-class Italians ever to enter the Palace in the reign of Humbert I were wounded soldiers home from the wars of Africa.[1]

This brings up the question of imperialism. As social unrest spread and sharpened throughout Italy, some democratic leaders began to see a distraction and an outlet for popular energies in imperialism, in colonial expansion, in imitation of the great powers of Europe. In the last decade of the Nineteenth Century an aging prime minister, Francesco Crispi, after breaking labor unions and arresting Socialist leaders in several parts of Italy, held out to the repressed working people of his country *not* social reform — which would have had to break the hard crust of landlord privilege and domination in the South Italian and Sicilian countrysides — *but rather* the prospects of a great imperial conquest in the highlands of East Africa, a dream altogether out of proportion to the limited possibilities of the Italian State budget and wildly inconsistent with the democratic ideals of the Risorgimento which lay at the foundation of the new

united Italy. Francesco Crispi was not a real forerunner of Fascism. He thought he could, in some mysterious way, solve Italy's problems by conquering a new homeland overseas, where the century-old evils of traditional Italian society might not take root. He even thought that in this way he would complete the unfinished work of the national Risorgimento, without having to undertake the hard and almost hopeless labor of transforming Italy itself.

It was a fatal illusion, and one that did not die with Crispi. But his East African adventure of the 1890's ended in disaster, with the brave and patriotic tribesmen of Ethiopia, a medieval Christian state in the African highlands, putting to utter rout and confusion the Italian army of Eritrea. When this happened, not only was Crispi himself swept out of office forever by a gust of popular anger, but it seemed for a few years as if the whole structure of the Italian state might come crashing down in a wave of tumults and insurrections. Weary of a tax system that weighed heavily on the consumer and spared the man of property, and whose proceeds poured into the sterile channels of military display and police repression, the Italian masses — peasants, city workers, small business people and even many professional men — often turned their back on the constitutional state and put their faith in the achievement of social justice through revolution. Italy was sick of scandals and defeats, of waste and favoritism. A breaking point seemed near.

The Italian Constitutional State was saved by an expert administrator, a tax and bank-credit reformer of wide experience, a parliamentary manipulator and manager with a genius for compromise, the Piedmontese liberal Giovanni Giolitti, the only true successor to Cavour in the history of united Italy. He took over and salvaged the parliamentary system at a point in which it seemed hopelessly stalled, paralyzed by conservatives who called for rule by police regulation and royal decree, on

the one side, and by wordy doctrinaire revolutionaries on the other. While tempers were still highly enflamed, Humbert I was shot by an anarchist who — with some justice, it must be admitted — blamed the king himself for the brutal labor repressions of the 1890's. It was precisely at this difficult moment in the history of united Italy that Giolitti offered to the propertied classes of Italy a policy of reform rather than blanket repression, and at the same time offered to the Left — even to the ostensibly revolutionary parties of the Far Left — a chance for peaceable law-abiding propaganda and social action within the limits of the constitutional state. Giolitti labored to create an atmosphere of balance, compromise and mutual understanding, and his work can only be described as a masterpiece of enlightened clear-thinking conservatism, worthy of Cavour himself. In the modern world conservatism can only work by providing a traditional framework within which the necessary unavoidable changes in the life of a nation may take place, without breaking continuity between one generation and another, without dispossessing or exterminating the old rulers, but *rather*, blending the different elements of national leadership into one great parliamentary-political spectrum. This was the conservatism of Giolitti, a conservatism without military *coups*, without the joining of Church and State, vithout censorship and conformism. In brief, it was the enlightened conservatism of England, not the military conservatism of Spain or the clerical conservatism of Portugal, a conservatism worthy of the Italians of 1900.

Through compromise and moderate reforms, Giolitti brought to completion the real work of the Risorgimento — national unity in a constitutional State — and thus assured to a great many Italians a chance to enjoy everyday democratic freedoms, of exactly the sort that we take for granted; a labor union could strike and demand collective-bargaining rights without fear of the troops, being called

to support the side of property, a laborers' cooperative could get governement contracts in competition with private enterprises — indeed, Giolitti made it especially easy — and, above all, in much of Northern and Central Italy the parties of the Far Left, Socialists, Republicans and Radicals, could operate freely. Tensions relaxed. As the government looked more like an umpire and less like the tool of the propertied interests, the Leftist parties put much reformist water into their old revolutionary wine: their cooperatives, their unions and labor exchanges, their representatives in parliament all constituted so many pledges in Giolitti's hands, pledges that there would be no revolutionary upheavel in Italy. As Giolitti had foreseen, the Italian masses drew near to the State, even though they could not yet identify with it wholeheartedly. Giolitti's was a modest achievement, if you look at the dreams of social Utopia still talked about on the Far Left, and Giolitti had no yen for the military glory and phantasms of Empire which, in the years after Crispi, came little by little to constitute the stock in trade of the Nationalist Conservatives. But what Giolitti did was solid and lasting, in the best Liberal tradition. It brought Italy more than ten years of relative social peace, and made possible some kind of national feeling on a mass level. When Giolitti's long tenure of power ended in 1914, there *was* finally an Italian people, and Italy was in condition to go through the First World War without falling apart on the home front. The War of 1914 set in motion the Italian masses, stirring them to their very depths, politically, socially and personally; but they reacted as a nation, on a national scale. This was in part Giolitti's work.

Let us now come to the hard core ol Giolitti's political conception, the underlying fact about Italy that the great premier never lost sight of during his ministry. It might be summed up in two pregnant words: UNEVEN DEVELOPMENT. Italy was and *is* a paradox among the

big states of Europe precisely in this, that she is both an advanced and backward country. She has, in certain zones, an industry, a technology, a modern social organization comparable to that of Switzerland, Belgium or England. Other parts of the nation seem to resemble more North Africa or the Levant in their age old squallor and their medieval relations of master to peasant. The same situation holds for Italian culture: side by side with masters of European eminence, we see the most vulgar provincial kind of pretense and outright fakery.[2] In politics — and most especially, in the politics of Giolitti's own day — how especially striking is this fact of uneven and lopsided development. The Italian liberals and democrats, unable to face by themselves the reactionary forces of European diplomacy and arms, had won unity at the climax of the national Risorgimento only by accepting the House of Savoy's supremacy, and the monarchy weighed on them as the Old Man of the Sea weighed on Sindbad the Sailor. The Monarchy had made Italy respectable in the eyes of dynastic and military Europe, but it exacted a heavy price from parliamentary political leaders of Italy. Italian diplomacy and Italian military policy remained areas in which the King had at times a deciding vote, and every foreign minister, every war minister, every naval minister, had to meet royal approval. In addition, the Monarchy, itself essentially medieval in outlook, became the rallying point for all the most backward looking and savagely reactionary landlords of Italy, men who aimed at using the medieval conditions of the South Italian countryside to maintain a modern political and economic stranglehold over Italy. To put matters briefly and a little oversimply, the enlightened industrialist of the North was *often* ready to try reform and collective bargaining, while the landlord element of middle or lower Italy, clinging to extra-legal positions of privilege in the countryside, wanted repression and force-bills.

The distinctive feature of Giolitti's policy is that he understood the uneven character of Italy, and did not make Crispi's error of treating the whole country as a unit. Giolitti was willing to use reform, to take the part of the umpire and the arbiter in the Northern and better developed, modern, parts of the country, while he used police repression to prop up an archaic social order in the poverty-stricken overpopulated provinces of the South. He could let the North elect Radicals, Republicans and Socialists, as long as the South kept electing, through all kinds of deals between State police authorities and local landlord cliques, a good solid bloc of deputies to vote for the government. The prolems of the North could be met, in large part, by tariff protection of its industries, thus forcing the South to buy Northern industrial products at artificially high prices and shutting out too heavy a foreign competition. The Northern industrialist, helped in this and other ways by the state, could afford to pay its workingmen, the aristocracy of the whole Italian working class, a living wage, and to bargain with their Reform-Socialist unions. Liberty for the North, servitude for the South, was the only formula which Giolitti could arrive at: a real effort to transform South Italy would have bankrupted the state and put an end to liberalism in Italy for ever, if such an attempt can even be conceived as possible in Giolitti's era. For such an enormous social-economic complex of problems as that presented by the South, emigration was the only cure possible in Giolitti's Italy, and millions left for the new world, in fact. Giolitti did what was possible in his time, and that is all, that can be asked of a statesman. After all, he was not a prophet.[3]

Another, distinctively political part of Giolitti's colossal balancing feat was the concession of reform on the Left, while the Monarchy and the Army received new advantages on the Right. In the very years that saw Italy's conquest of Lybia from the Turks, a great rise of

prestige and power for the Royal armed forces and a source of added revenue for the conservative-Catholic Bank of Rome, Giolitti put a universal suffrage bill through Parliament. It was his usual system: gains for the Right, gains for the Left, and a new harmony after things have a chance to settle. Reform and patience could once again, he probably thought, plaster over the cracks and inconsistencies in the Italian political system.

But this time the old master miscalculated. The War awoke all kinds of revolutionary passions and tensions that Giolitti had hoped, perhaps, were finally dead. They were, in fact, merely dormant, lulled by ten years of domestic and foreign calm. But the War of 1911-12 stirred the working masses of Italy to protest conscription and war taxes, led to the triumph of revolutionary leaders over reformist parliamentary spokesmen within the Italian Socialist Party, and generally shook the Giolitti system to its foundations. On the other side of the political fence, the Italian conservatives often found in foreign war, and the domestic repressions that it could justify, a new and fancy form of the old repressive methods of the Nineteenth Century, a means to escape from Giolitti's everlasting compromises and substantial benefits to the working class. The War, then, aroused all the old partisan passions and dreams that Giolitti had worked for ten years to soothe: and his own very necessary reform, Universal Manhood Suffrage, made it hard for him to manage and control parliament in the old way. In 1913 he won, for the last time, and the victory cost him dear. His supporters had to make all kinds of assurances to the Vatican in order to swing organized Catholic voters, in hundreds of constituencies, over to the Government side. Giolitti's liberalism, forced to these expedients, was finally on the ground. Less than a year after the hollow victory of November 1913, Giolitti retired from office. Giolitti's Italy disappeared, a victim of its own inner contradictions, and the First World War, altering all the conditions of

Italian public life, opened a new chapter in the life of the Italian people and in the history of their state. The masses, prepared and trained in the ups and downs of the last fifty years, were now ready to enter the stage of history as the propulsive force of Italy, of the Italian nation. The work of the Risorgimento was consummated.

Since that moment, that point of time dividing two worlds, the Spring and Summer of 1914, forty-seven years have passed, in which Giolitti and his whole generation have receded into an almost unapproachable distance, so speedily and so thouroughly has the world been changing since then. Yet, some of the conditions that he perceived as governing the course of Italian politcs, the conditions by which he guided his own policies, still hold true. Italy has always been a country of uneven development, and her history since 1914 shows it most plainly. In the First World War she played a major part, and won recognition as one of the Big Four victors. Yet it must be admitted that she came through the war itself by the skin of her teeth, that there was a moment in 1917 in which Italy barely scraped through, that she could play the part of a great power only when it was to the interests of the Allies to support her in funds and equipment. The tangled and unhappy history of Italy's relations with the Allies in 1919, the long useless wrangles with Wilson over unimportant positions in the Adriatic, wrangles artfully magnified and distorted by the Italian Nationalists, all show one essential fact: the hollow character of Italy's position in the world when she was really isolated. Italy's size, her population and her industries *in some degree* qualify her for a role as a great power, a role which at times has been almost *forced* upon her by her central position in the Mediterranean. Italy's far-flung shipping, her delicate and vulnerable borders in Europe, her cultural and industrial-agricultural importance in modern Europe, impose upon her great-power responsibilities of a type which other Mediterranean states,

such as Spain, Portugal and Greece, do not have to meet. The Po Valley ties Italy, economically and militarily, to the heart of Europe: this is an unchanging fact of Italian history, that must condition all Italian policies.

Yet Italy can never *really* succumb to the temptation of playing a great-power role. She lacks the necessary fuel and iron, the minerals and *quantitative* heavy industry required for modern war. Italy can be a makeweight, and a shifting, balancing force, an influence, in the complex world of international politics: but once Italy enters into a war, she is by absolute necessity tied to the chariot wheels of her stronger, better endowed allies. With little fuel and ore of her own, Italy in a war of more than a few weeks duration becomes a dependent, a sort of internaitonal poor relation, and suffers from it. In 1917-19 she depended upon the good graces of the Western Allies, especially America: in 1940-43, in spite of the distrust that many high-ranking Fascists felt for the Third Reich, Italy became a satellite, in effect, of Germany. Little wonder, then, that Giolitti opposed Italy's entry into the First World War, urging that Italian interests might better be served by fast diplomatic footwork.

I think that Giolitti had other, equally sound reasons for opposing Italian intervention in the Great War. The Italian national community was still in process of formation when the war broke out in 1914: its bones were feeble, its sinews tender. 1914 was not the right moment to subject Italy to a grueling test which made the rulers of France, Great Britain and Germany tremble. Italian society was still, in large part, rural, backward and liable to sudden explosions. Why put it under this king of strain?

Giolitti was right, for the War really put an end to the Italian parliamentary system. In fact, the First World War unleashed a wave of popular expectations, stimulated by irresponsible government war promises, that Italian

society could not possibly satisfy. A few years of Nationalist sedition in the armed forces, focused on the figure of D'Annunzio at Fiume, of threatened revolution by the Socialists, never forthcoming in reality, and, finally, of right-wing Fascist terrorism, put an end to the Italian constitutional system, exhausted in the war. Mussolini, first a stop-gap premier named by a puzzled and wearied king, turned into a twenty-year dictator.

Mussolini entertained the attractive illusion that somehow the uneven development and weaknesses that lurked behind the facade of the Italian State could be overcome by a totalitarian regime. In fact, he himself became a victim of Italy's unevenness. His regime, even after 1938, could never become clearly and unmistakably totalitarian, could never establish a monopoly over Italian culture and education, could never set up a truly monolithic Party to duplicate and eventually replace the powers of the State, as happened in Germany. There were too many places in Italy too backward to be reached and persuaded by Fascism, too many pockets of Liberalism and Socialism, too many parish priests and even bishops ready to resist Fascism on one or two of its central points, too many good old Italians dissented, for the boasted totalitarian transformation of Italy to be anything more than a pathetic sham. Half of Italy was too sophisticated for Fascism, half of it too simple. Italian industry could provide the means for a small war, but not for a continuous program of imperialist expansion, as Fascim demanded: the youth cadres of Fascism could provide the personnel for one expedition to Africa or to Spain, but they were far too small to stiffen up the disheartened mass of Italian troops.

But, may I point out, at the end of the disastrous Second World War, Italy found that by renouncing, once for all, her role as a first-class power, she did not cease to exercise a great role in the world, on the contrary, the fact that Italy is no longer suspected

of expansionist ambitions makes her welcome in many places, like Morocco, like Egypt, where the British and French are distrusted and shunned. Today Italian culture, Italian technical skills, both artistic and industrial, are far more important in the world than they ever were in the days of Fascism. Progressive Italy, that Italy that forms part of modern Europe, has shot ahead: perhaps the relative distance between backward Italy and progressive Italy is widening in the post-war period, in spite of all efforts by the State to balance between the regions. Italy remains a paradox, a land of violent and unending contradictions, unique among the powers of Europe.

A few final words. For us, who this year commemorate Italy's centenary as a nation, it is not enough to discuss her progress, her travails, her enduring problems. Italy's story is universal. There is an Italian voice that is heard throughout the world, the voice of the Italian people. Not, let me add immediately, the voice of Italian cafè nationalism, often an exotic product in Italy. After all, the greatest Nationalist writer and prophet was Oriani, a failure in his creative life who found some sort of compensation in desperate imperialist visions, a man unknown outside of the peninsula. The world hears instead the Italians — working-people, craftsmen, professional people and artists — who want to live decently and democratically. The voice heard abroad is that of Verga's Sicilians enmeshed in the toils of ancient corruption, of Silone's struggling *cafoni*, of Pirandello's characters in search of their true selves, so contemporary and so universal in their Italian-ness: and it is unnecessary to mention that greatest of popular lyric traditions, that wells up in the great operatic creations of the last centuries. This is no Dannunzian race of supermen, but a people distinguished by its deep instinctive humanity, Bacchelli's *popolo delle molte vite*, whose moments of lightheadedness and vanity seem as nothing beside its centuries of creative labor.

NOTES

1. The Kings of Italy were almost never photographed except in uniform, and the wole public image of the Monarchy was military. Victor Emmanuel III was known, at least to Italian propagandists of the First Forld War, as *il re soldato*, and his prestige in Italy finally vanished when he and the Prince of Piedmont (later Humbert II) fled from Rome on September 9th 1943, leaving the garrison troops of all Italy in the lurch: Italy could endure the House of Savoy's betrayal of the Constitution sooner than its betrayal of the Army.
2. I have in mind the pseudoscientific pronouncements of demographers like Corrado Gini, with his racist contrasts of virile young nations and decadent old ones, or the clever, indeed flashy writing of many essayists of the Florentine little magazines, a cultural underworld that flourished in the same soil that gave rise to masters like Croce and Fermi. This kind of cultural unevenness exists in all civilized countries: but in Italy both the good and the bad article received equal billing.
3. Giolitti's prosy qualities did not capture the public imagination, since they were all too often taken as a sign of personal cynicism rather than of seriousness and dedication to the daily task. Giolitti's refusal to play to the gallery left the stage free for all kinds of mountebanks who had none of his reticence. The young men who grew up in the social peace of the Giolittian era were bored, and felt that an era of good feeling offered them nothing but provincial stagnation. In our own time politicians dramatize their prosaic and businesslike qualities, creating images of asceticism and severity that have had some popular appeal: Giolitti's failure to realize the importance of self-dramatization was, it must be said, a political defect of a subtle and profound sort, though personally it speaks well for the man.

The "Risorgimento" and the Italian Catholics

Nicola Pistelli

[No other problem has troubled the citizens of "modern" Italy as that of the relations between State and Church. In the Risorgimento it was a problem that each Italian had to solve bebore adopting a course of action under the pressure of events. Were the Church, the Papal States, the Italian Catholics, obstacles to Italian Unification? How do the Italians of today judge their predecessors of a century ago?

We have asked Dr. Nicola Pistelli to answer these questions. A graduate of the University of Florence in Jurisprudence, Dr. Pistelli directs *Politica* a bi-weekly of the left-wing of the Christian Democratic Party. Dr. Pistelli a member of the City Council of Florence, a close friend of Mayor La Pira, represents a large number of Christian Democrats throughout Italy who would like to see the social reforms move at a faster pace toward progress, without the least compromise on the question of their religious faith.]

A foreigner arriving in Italy with other tourists in this year 1961 cannot fail to notice the elaborateness with which the Christian Democratic Government of Italy is celebrating the Centenary of the Risorgimento. Moreover, he cannot help feeling that Italian Catholics are proud of the Risorgimento, at least judging from the official enthusiasm with which they are celebrating the memory of Cavour, Victor Emmanuel II, Giuseppe Garibaldi and Mazzini, the men who were the chief promoters of Italian independence and unity.

If this same foreigner is not just another tourist, but a man of a certain culture, he will recall that during the Risorgimento there were prominent Catholics, such as Gioberti, who participated with their writings and with their deeds in the struggle for national unity. On the

other hand he will also remember that many Catholic groups took a definite and active stand against Cavour, Victor Emmanuel II, Garibaldi and Mazzini. In other words they were opposed to the plans and hopes of those very men that today are being commemorated by the Christian Democratic Government in the name of the whole nation. Why this change in attitude? This would seem a fair question for the visiting foreigner to pose to himself. Does it mean that the Italian Catholics of 1961 no longer share the opinions concerning the Risorgimento as they were expressed by the Catholics of 1848 or 1870? Or does it mean that the Lateran Treaty of 1929 between the Church and the Italian State, and that the rule by the Christian Democratic majority for the last fifteen years, have had the effect of retroactively mending the century-old differences between Catholics and patriots?

Actually many combined factors have caused this change of attitude among Italian Catholics in regards to the Risorgimento. It would be impossible today to find a Catholic who still regrets the disintegration of the Papal temporal state under the cannonades that opened the breach of *Porta Pia* and made Rome the capital of Italy. On the contrary it is easy to find numerous Catholics who in their own hearts consider that date a blessed moment in the history of the Church, because the disappearance of the Papal States freed the Popes from their temporal preoccupations with obvious benefits to the spiritual mission of the Holy See. But the silence that the Italian Catholics of 1961 preserve concerning the attitude of their predecessors during the Risorgimento, stems primarily from their unavowed embarassment when confronted by the onerous task of revising many of the historical opinions expressed in those days and which, in part, have been proven wrong in the following decades. This embarassment is understandable since we should distinguish where the Church was right in condemning from the height of its doctrine the errors and the illusions

of the liberal patriots of those days, and where instead the Catholics were wrong in estranging themselves from the struggle for national unity.

There is no doubt that the least embarassing position is the one taken by many Catholic groups, that is: to consider as closed the polemics of the past, and to participate in the ceremonies of the Centenary. However, if this position is acceptable from the political point of view, it is not so from the historical and cultural one. In this respect we Italian Catholics are duty-bound to express an opinion on the events of the Risorgimento. This opinion cannot be either the polemical one expressed by so many Catholics between 1848 and 1897, nor the one equally polemical and partial, which has been championed through the last 60 years by the liberal historians who compiled the text-books for the schools. But before expressing any opinion on the Risorgimento as seen by the Italian Catholics, it seems necessary to me to state beforehand certain premises. These may be best stated by the following questions: what were the limitations of the patriotic spirit which manifested itself in Italy during the Risorgimento? What had been the role of the Papal States before the Risorgimento? Only after we have answered these two questions can we tackle the subject of the Risorgimento as seen by Catholics, or at least by the youngest generation of Italian Catholics, and be sure that that a common interpretation of terms and ideas is established between the American reader and ourselves.

A most frequent error (due to intellectual laziness) is the belief that all people of all epochs think in those terms which are customary to ourselves. Many of the patriots, who were the soul of the Risorgimento, seemed convinced that the need for national unity had always been a natural necessity for every people, and that in Italy it had been unjustly suppressed until then by foreign rulers. From this fundamental error stemmed the semi-religious tone with which they preached the necessity of overcoming

every obstacle in order to satisfy the sacred need for Italian unity and independence. Actually nationalistic feeling in those days was relatively recent: the consequence of Romanticism and particularly of the blows which Napoleon had struck at the old balance of dynastic Europe. For many centuries kingdoms had been federations of fiefs united under one crown, without much consideration for the differences of language or customs that existed among the subjects of different regions. For many centuries the local populations had witnessed with substantially neutral feelings the battles that took place — during the day and in the good season — between French and English noblemen, covered with armor from head to foot, or between the Spanish armies composed of mercenary troops paid from the King's private funds and the Condottieri and their troops in the pay of the Republic of Venice or the Duke of Milan. For many centuries the local population had remained the passive pawns of the various dynastic schemes. They were accustomed to judge the king, whose subjects they were, not by the fact that he was an Italian, as they were, or a German, but exclusively by the laws, more or less just, with which he ruled, and by the taxes which his representatives were able to raise forcibly by royal edict. The above point is not a futile observation. In fact, in Italy, not only in the history books published during the fascist regime, but even in the writings of many poets that flourished during the Risorgimento, it was common to distort the period before the nineteenth century into a sort of dark era, a prelude to the national rebirth. The revolt of the League of the Lombard Communes against the German emperor — which was dictated by the desire for local autonomy, without ever dreaming of questioning the rights of the imperial crown — was presented in the Italian schools of the last century as a remote spark of *italianità* which was the forerunner of the struggle against foreign domination. The necessity for Colombus and other famed

Italian navigators to seek from the Spanish and Portuguese kings ships with which they secured glory and unknown lands for their sponsors rather than for Italy, has often been lamented as a great opportunity that went lost because of the sad political conditions which then divided Italy. The battles fought during previous centuries with strong animosity and great bloodshed, between Guelfs and Ghibellines, or between the Florentines and the Sienese, were described during the fascist period as shameful episodes of a war between brothers; still they were not in reality any more fratricidal than those which in 1914-18 or in 1939-45 lead Italians and Frenchmen, Frenchmen and Germans, Germans and Englishmen to slaughter one another. Nationalism must have been weakened rapidly by the realization that greater communities exist, if it is true that we — who are the children of the men who fought on the Carso and the Piave against the Austrians during the most intensive phase of nationalism, and the younger brothers of the generation that fought against the French and the English during the Second World War — already feel now, barely a half century from the war of 1914-18, and only twenty years after the war of 1940-43, that a war against other European people or against any nation of the West would in reality be a civil war, a fratricidal struggle.

What is the meaning of this feeling that we — Italian Catholics in our early thirthies — experience? It means, in our opinion, that the criteria which considered nationalism as the dogma by which one could establish the boundaries of nations, has had a brief life indeed. Nationalism exploded upon Europe after the French Revolution and by the end of Second World War it had already ceased to be the protagonist of history, having been substituted by criteria of a different nature — for example, the ideological ones — whose influence over the geographical configuration of nations has continually increased. Therefore, whoever attempts to pass judgement

upon the Italian Catholics of the Risorgimento will do well to keep in mind how fleeting the period characterized by nationalistic passions really was, and to reflect upon the accusation of indifference or even betrayal toward their country, which is often levelled at Italian Catholics. This is not to imply that Italian Catholics should not have participated with greater enthusiasm in the struggles of an inevitable phase of history such as the wars of independence were. I do not intend to deny that many Catholic groups showed hostility towards the Risorgimento for reasons much more practical than nationalism. Indeed in many cases this hostility stemmed from anachronistic reasoning, such as the desire to preserve the Papal States, or a preference for the absolute dynasties which before the Risorgimento ruled the various principalities in which Italy was divided. Nor can we give credence to the fantastic hypothesis that the Catholics of that period understood with great lucidity the limitations of national romanticism, those very limitations which after the achievement of independence have been inexorably exposed by the evolution of Italy. This would be an hypothesis fabricated *ad posteriori*, in an attempt to explain as a noble and prophetic attitude the indifference of many Catholics of the time towards the Risorgimento.

However, it must not be forgotten that the Church is an institution founded on transcendental spiritual principles which are, therefore, not very susceptible to changing fashions or historical trends, or to the variations in culture and in public opinion. It must not be forgotten that even as a human institution the ecclesiastic hierarchy is the heir to century-long experiences consummated in the most diverse countries and climates, because of the universal nature of the Church itself. From these distinctive characteristics there seeps and is transmitted even to the individual Catholic a kind of instinctive caution towards the myths that inflame a particular epoch. This caution at times leaves the Catholics in the wake of

history, but often it saves them from becoming involved in the process of degeneration that almost invariably marks the end of a myth. Let us consider nationalism, for example. It produced during the Italian Risorgimento some very noble spirits who gave their life to free Italy from the domination of the foreigner. The same nationalism was used as a lever by Bismarck in the same period, to gather once again the scattered limbs of the German nation under a single empire. However, as soon as national unity and independence were achieved nationalism degenerated in Europe in that type of super-nationalism that dreamed of planting its flag over neighboring territories, thus destroying someone else's independence. Whoever studies the Risorgimento period is duty-bound to take into account the third act of the nationalistic drama, the one that unfolded twenty years ago under the degenerating influence of the fascist regimes.

Then there is the second question: what had been the role of the Papal States through the centuries preceding the Risorgimento? The cause of Italian unity was carried forward, as is well known, by the Sardinian-Piedmontese kingdom; the only Italian state that had at its disposal a respectable army and a political class which with Cavour rose to European level. In order to achieve Italian unity it was necessary to overthrow some minor principalities (such as the Grand Duchy of Modena) which were distributed among the minor branches of the Viennese imperial family. Furthermore one had to reckon directly with the military power of the Hapsburgs in order to seize from the Austrian empire the rich Northern regions of Lombardy and Venetia. This was the problem that the diplomatic genius of Cavour was to solve with the two wars of 1859 and 1866, after having realized in 1848 the inadequancy of the Piedmontese forces against the Austrian colossus, and after intelligently exploiting the existing European rivalries. In 1859 he was able to snatch

Lombardy fron the Austrian generals by allying himself with the French of Napoleon III who had every interest in balancing the power of the Hapsburgs by facilitating the formation of a kingdom of notable dimensions in Italy, right below the Viennese empire. In 1866 Cavour was able to secure a good portion of Venetia by allying himself with the rising power of the Prussians, who under the ambitious guidance of Otto von Bismarck, were trying to deprive the Viennese court of its leadership over the countries of Germanic origin. But the road to national unity ran also through the peaceful Grand Duchy of Tuscany; however, the old Grand Duke left with grace and politeness, without shedding a drop of blood, as soon as he understood that his subjects were favorable to annexation by Piedmont. There was also the ancient and corrupt Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and to conquer it the first large-scale partisan operation in history was organized: the landing of Garibaldi's followers who did not wear the uniform of any regular army, but proclaimed themselves the sodiers of Italian freedom and independence. There were finally the Papal States, also very ancient and protected by their double nature as a temporal state and as the seat of a spiritual power that extended well beyond the very geographical boundaries of Italy and which had filled with their history the records of the eighteen preceding centuries.

How great was the inherent contradiction of this double nature had been clearly shown by the war of independence of 1848 fought against the Austrians. When king Charles Albert of Savoy initiated the hostilities he had in his ranks troops of the other Italian rulers, including the soldiers of Pope Pius IX. This federation of armies brought together on the battlefield was well in conformity with the ideas prevalent in 1848. In those years Italian unity was not conceived as yet in terms of the annexation of the various Italian states by the Sardinian-Piedmontese kingdom, but was rather envisioned as a

confederation of Italian rulers who were agreed to drive out of their territories foreign domination and influence. It is a known fact that the emperor of Austria, the Catholic sovereign of a nation largely Catholic, complained to Pius IX of the profound crisis of conscience awakened in his soldiers by the fact that they found themselves aligned on the battlefield against the Pope's soldiers. He threatened the possibility of a religious schism if the Papal troops were not immediately withdrawn from the war. Pius IX was profoundly shaken by the Austrian protest, and even though his decision was very unpopular among his subjects, who were as Italians as the Piedmontese, he withdrew the troops from the war. By now the nationalistic spirit was in the air, and from it arose the contradiction within the Papal States which had never existed before as long as the foundations of a state had been its ties to a dynasty of kings. The emperor of Austria was in fact right when he asked that he should not be brought face to face, as an enemy, with the August Person that he and his subjects considered as their Supreme pastor in religious matters. And Pius IX, although he did his duty as Pope in withdrawing from the war, was accused of desertion, not by the king of Sardinia, but by all the Italians who were imbued with nationalistic feelings. From then on the existence of his state in Central Italy was to appear as an obstacle to national unity. Indeed, when later the Catholic courts of Vienna and Paris undertook the protection of the Papal States, thus satisfying also their jealousy for a kingdom of Italy which was becoming larger than foreseen, the wrath of so many Italian patriots against the Papal States reached such a point that they accused Pius IX of being not only a bad temporal ruler opposed to Italian unity, but a bad Pope as well, who placed his own political interests before the religious mission assigned to the Vicar of Christ. These were the anguishing problems of Pius IX, for the simple reason that he occupied the throne of Saint

Peter in the century in which the ancient existence of the Papal States came in contrast with the national necessity for Italian unity.

Why had the Papal States played instead an irreplaceable role until then? In order to grasp the truly legitimate nature of this question it is necessary that the American reader put aside for a moment his sensibilities as a modern man to whom the distinction between civil and religious power seems perfectly plausible and compatible. Moreover, in order to understand this historical problem it is necessary to go back to the Middle Ages, when the kings of the Catholic countries made it a point to emphasize, even in the external rites, that their investiture was received directly from God, and hence from His Vicar on earth, the Roman Pope. We must recall the interminable series of religious wars between Catholic and Protestant rulers, and the natural tendency of the Catholic sovereigns — such as the King of France, the emperor of Spain or the emperor of Austria, to mention only the more important ones — to win the favor of the Popes for their own dynasty, to make use of the spiritual prestige of the See of Saint Peter in their political controversies with other Catholic or Protestant rulers. The existence of the Papal States, which constituted a sort of safety zone around Rome and the court of the Popes, was able to perform — at least in part — the task of safeguarding the freedom of the Vicars of Christ from the pressure often applied during the Conclaves, or directly on the individual Popes. To show how strongly this necessity of not becoming the instrument of the more powerful Catholic kingdoms was felt by the Church, it is sufficient to point out a single fact: for the last five centuries, that is from the time that the great Christian powers such as France, Spain and Austria were formed, the Conclaves have chosen the Popes from the ranks of Italian Cardinals, or among the prelates of a nation politically weak and divided into many small states, to

avoid a Spanish Pope irritating the French and viceversa. This tradition is only beginning to change today — with the majority of Italian Cardinals in the Concistory gradually diminishing — because the latest world conflicts and the events that preceded them have drastically changed the balance of European powers and have enlarged the circle of nations of Catholic confession.

We come now to the central theme of this article. The magazine in which it is published presupposes that its readers are well acquainted with Italian history. Furthermore, the Centenary of the Risorgimento is a fitting occasion to express general and conclusive opinions, hence we cannot afford to miss the opportunity of asking ourselves if the result of the national unity achieved by the patriots of a century ago seems satisfactory to us, Italians of 1961. Hundreds of aspects chosen among the more evident ones would incline us to answer in the negative. The fiery Latin temperament that gave an admirable account of itself during the heroic years of the wars of independence has not been able to make an equally good showing throughout the daily vicissitudes and experiences, where the normal problems of a community are administered and solved. The enthusiasm for unity which brought Garibaldi's red shirts to land in Sicily to free the Southern brothers from the Bourbon's yoke, was not translated into a tenacious framework of laws and customs that would have rendered the Italians of the South proud of belonging to a common fatherland. Too many sections of Sicily, of Apulia and of Calabria resemble more closely the Northern regions of Africa than Europe to which we belong geographically and by civilization. The disinterestedness which the more notable personages of the Risorgimento displayed — from Giuseppe Mazzini to Cavour, from Garibaldi to the hundreds of conspirators who risked all for the independence of their country — has not alway found descendants worthy of their ancestors. Italian leaders have appeared often sceptical and devoid

of ideals, entrenched within their provincial horizon, and deaf to the needs expressed by the large masses of people. Those who ask with amazement why Italy has the regrettable distinction of the highest number of communist voters among all the countries of the West, should know that the majority of those millions of communist voters are not at all marxists within their hearts, but only Italians who have no faith and are dissatisfield with the leaders who have succeeded one another in power since the Risorgimento.

Nevertheless, and in spite of these remarks, we feel able to defend even the slow and laborious process of Italian unity from the Risorgimento to today. We know that the history of Italy is too singular to be too easily compared with the history of the other democratic nations of the West, and to be found wanting in respect to the greater progress achieved by them. Italy is not an island such as England. While the British were able to peacefully develop their solid preparation for freedon, sheltered by the sea that defended them from all invaders, we Italians have been for centuries the promenade for neighboring people. Through the Alps came the Germans, the French, the Slavs and the Spanish soldiers. They fought among themselves, attracted by the fame of our past and the beauty of our cities. They overthrew one another, they mixed with our peole, they changed at pleasure the laws and customs according to the orders and the convenience of far away kings. The Byzantine coming from the East to the South, the Saracens and the Arabs setting sail from Africa, the Normans and the Angevins, each brought his language, his architecture to the Italian melting pot enriching it in every century with individual and contrasting elements, making it as fascinating as it was ungovernable. The foreigner who wonders why Italians have such a scant sense of discipline, of respect for authority, of awareness for common interests, should remember that for centuries authority meant in Italy a

king passing through, who exacted taxes and was then driven out by another foreign king. If this has been the experience of ten generations, it is plausible that it should have left traces even among the Italians of today. The foreigner should not forget that the history of Italy as a united and independent country can be contained totally within the memory of a single family. The yellowed photograph of mother's grandfather shows a red shirt from Garibaldi's time, in the period when the South still belonged to the Bourbons, who maintained an ambassador at the court of the king of Sardinia in Turin and at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany in Florence. Since then only three generations have passed. This is why the defects which still afflict Italy in the Centenary of the Risorgimento do not prevent us from being optimistic in regards to the future.

Translated by Carlo L. Golino

Notes on the Poetic Image of the *Patria*

P. M. Pasinetti

In a larger measure than perhaps any of the other countries of major cultural caliber, Italy for many centuries could be regarded as an invention of its poets. From at least the time when Dante was writing the divine poem to the time when Leopardi was a young man, the country which did not exist as a unified political entity was a congruous reality and an important image through the work of its poets. Indeed, literature did not create only an image of Italy but concomitantly also that of the poets themselves as her natural interpreters and judges. We have the most memorable instances in mind when we say that the attitude of those great Italians toward Italy, whose image they so potently contributed to form, is quite complex and critical. They were giving the country her literary speech and in the highest examples they did not use it in an exclamatory and celebrative vein; on the contrary, the typical attitude is one of manly compassion and sorrowful censure.

The standard sequence to describe this line is Dante-Petrarch-Machiavelli. One of the running themes in Italy's national poem is that of national corruption and lack of leadership; the time-honored metaphor of the ship of state is used by Dante; and the ship, as everyone remembers, is a pilotless one in a stormy sea. As frequently in classical tragedy, the *polis* is corrupt, its rulers are inadequate, the temporal center does not hold. Italy, of course, is feminine; ideally the noblest of women (donna, *domina*), she is "now" lacerated through the behavior of inept and quarrelsome children — a state

of affairs which Dante was certainly neither the first nor the last to visualize, though he did so, as usual, in the most definitive and memorable diction: *non donna di provincie, ma bordello.* Somewhat more diffusely and sensuously, Petrarch resumed the image of the *patria* as the lacerated lady in the splendidly eloquent and sorrowful opening of *Italia mia*; later in the poem, the native earth is identified with the image of the benign and pious mother ("Non è questo 'l terren ch' i' toccai pria?... Non è questa la patria in ch'io mi fido, / Madre benigna e pia / Che copre l'un e l'altro mio parente?")[1] In the same poem the theme of Italy-Romanism *vs.* Teutonism-Barbarity, a theme in many ways fraught with rhetorical danger, also makes its solemn appearance. It will be imitated, and involutarily caricatured, in patriotic versifying and in political oratory for centuries. The noblest and most magniloquent resumption of that theme is, of course, in the close of Machiavelli's *Prince* ending with the Petrarch quotation about *virtú* and *furore*. The Machiavelli passage is also significant because it comes at the close of a political treatise famed for the practicality of its assumptions and views; the cultural dream of the *patria* finds one of its major expressions in Machiavelli, who, incidentally, considered himself a poet.

Several centuries later, a conclusive expression, along this poetic line, by a major poet, is the dyptich of *canzoni* composed by Leopardi when he was twenty years old (1818), *All'Italia* and *Sopra il monumento di Dante*. Especially *All'Italia* with its classic opening, "O patria mia," etc., can be described as an exercise in patriotic poetry in the grand manner; the poet, the Nation's *vates*, is officiating, performing a literary rite; reference to the Petrarchan tradition is not only natural, it is part of the *genre's* requirements; the poem is a ceremony, with its proper formulas. It must be observed, however, that young Leopardi's poetic and civic vitality did emerge nevertheless, making him, at this early stage at least, a true Risorgi-

mento poet — for instance in the presentation of the theme, in itself not new, of his contemporary Italians compelled to fight not *against* but *for* those who are ultimately their tyrants, and the particular visions of that fighting in the remote Russian campaign. The structure, the speech, the oratorical motions are within the grand cultural convention, and so is the opening image of the *patria*, for we have here again, as in Petrarch, the beautiful lacerated lady, elaborated upon quite dramatically (... "Oimè quante ferite, / Che lividor, che sangue! oh qual ti veggio, / Formosissima donna!")[2] with the concomitant attributes of defenselessness and servitude. Along this line, however, the image of the *patria* has acquired some new connotations and emphases; for a moment it becomes closer to the romantic image of the beautiful, weeping slave-girl, who "...sparte le chiome e senza velo / Siede in terra negletta e sconsolata, / Nascondendo la faccia / Tra le ginocchia, e piange."[3] Then a more historical perspective is resumed: "Piangi, che ben hai donde, Italia mia, / Le genti a vincer nata / E nella fausta sorte e nella ria,"[4] where the supposedly ambiguous line obviously means that Italy once surpassed other nations in fortune and glory and now does so in the degree of her misfortune and sorrow. While this vision can be vaguely related, on the one side, to the Dante-Machiavelli theme (cf. *Purg.*, VI, 121-123 and *Prince*, opening of last chapter) of the extremity of wretchedness, seen by them as a possible anticipation of future rescue, on the other it can be connected with that view of greatness-in-sorrow, of glory-in-calamity, which permeates, for example, the close of Foscolo's *Sepolcri*. So, while the Leopardi poem is firmly anchored in the tradition and its linguistic character, some of its themes qualify it as early Risorgimento poetry. Exemplary in this sense are the lines where the speaker assumes the rôle of the patriot, of the lonely defender of his beloved nation, ready to die for her: in terms of diction, these lines are

characterized by a famous and ponderous Latinism (..."procomberò sol io.")

In Risorgimento poetry we witness then a sort of melting, more or less gradual and conscious, of the image of the *patria* as object of filial devotion with that of the *patria* as the beloved woman. This rhetorical situation is clearer if we see it from the point of view of the change that has occurred in the position of the patriotic poet himself. Biographical critics have observed, in this connection, that the period of composition of Leopardi's *All'Italia* coincided with that of the poet's love for the Signora Cassi, of course unrequited. But, along this line (romantic love and love of country providing, as it were, a similar emotional temperature) the most influential archetype was and remained Jacopo Ortis, the hero of Foscolo's famous epistolary novel.

Le ultime lettere di Jacopo Ortis follows, as everyone knows, the same pattern as Goethe's *Werther* (love; marriage of the beloved to another man; suicide); and it will be sufficient here briefly to recall some of the ways in which the Werther pattern is reworked by Foscolo. Jacopo, his hero, is an exile and a wanderer, the victim of political persecution, and chooses death not only because Lotte's counterpart, Teresa, is unattainable, but also because the country is oppressed and hope of freedom is frustrated. Her marriage to the marquis Odoardo is explained not only in terms of rank but also of political expediency, to protect Teresa's father who like the hero is a political suspect; Teresa herself describes the marriage as having been already *decretato*. Unlike Lotte, she is decidedly in love with the hero but has to follow the family and social "decree" thus occupying the position of a victim, a pawn; and although the parallel is by no means forced upon us by the text, there is similarity between the language with which the protagonist refers to his country's plight (Venice, but easily symbolizing a more general Italian situation) and that of Teresa. See the

opening words of the book: "Il sacrificio della patria è consumato,"[5] and the words used at the news of Teresa's marriage: "La vittima è sacrificata,"[6] etc. So that De Sanctis is justified (*Nuovi saggi critici*, Naples 1879, p. 148) in observing that Teresa married to Odoardo "è come la Venezia della sua mente finita in braccio all'Austria."[7]

* * *

The *patria* of the poets preceding the active Risorgimento was by definition, then, something "of the mind", a cultural point of reference, a bookish experience; but the interesting thing is that with the later poets, the ones who were concerned with or indeed actively engaged in the country's liberation, and wrote poetry to spur their countrymen in that direction, the current image of the *patria* frequently works in an even more abstract, emblematic, bookish way than it had done before. In the opening of Leopardi's *All'Italia*, the vision of the *patria* in its past glory and present distress, in spite of the conventions of language still conveyed some feeling of rendered experience, strictly cultural, humanistic, as the experience was. Similar remarks could apply to the use that both Foscolo and Leopardi, each in his way, make of Greek and Trojan antiquity and myth, the theme of ancient valor and loyalty contrasted to present impotence.

Now, when the *patria* as object of the poet's allegiance and the reason for his valor was no longer a cultural *contaminatio* but a concrete historical possibility, its poetic images remained, by and large, the cultural ones. Poet-patriots who, like Berchet or Mameli, by their actual participation in history, were contributing to create the tangible *patria*, with its successes and defeats, marvelous exploits and appalling problems, once it came to defining its image in verse still used, re-shuffled, the tired materials of cultural patriotic poetry. The results, in the new historical context, were to be felt beyond their time,

Painters

of the

"RISORGIMENTO"

Carlo Ademollo: *The « Picciotto ».*

Luigi Bisi: *After the* « *The Deum* », June 9, 1859.

Domenico Induno:

Villafranca Bulletin.

Celebration in Florence April 15, 1860 (Print).

GIOVANNI FATTORI: *The defense of Santa Maria Gates, Capua.*

GIUSEPPE MORICCI: *The letter from the volunteer.*

A. Cassioli: *The Battle of San Martino.*

A. Cassioli: *The Battle of Palestro.*

beyond the time of the unification of the country and even in our own century (for instance in certain aspects of *dannunzianesimo*, in common types of patriotic oratory and political imagery, etc.) a dichotomy was established between the actualities of the nation and the official, emblematic, Sunday-dress images of its cult. The obvious cluster of images has to do, of course, with ancient Rome, whose spirit now awakened will spell ruin to the barbaric oppressor and restore the lacerated and betrayed lady to a queenly position:

Sperai rinato il genio
Del tuo valor primiero,
Che Roma al mondo intero
Centro faceva un dì.
. . . . . .
Quivi — sull'Alpe — i secoli
Della tua gloria stanno;
A' tuoi signori, ai popoli
Testimonianza fanno
Che vil non sei, non debole
Ma oppressa, ma tradita,
Che se ti desti a vita
Sarai regina ancor.
Ora su te si compie
Legge fatal di pianto,
Sparso è il tuo crin di cenere,
Lacero e brutto il manto;
Ma suonerà terribile
L'ora de' santi sdegni
Che lo spavento insegni
Al barbaro oppressor.[8]

These lines were written by no less than Giuseppe Mazzini, who was, to be sure, by no means primarily a poet; but I think we can agree that they have the sound of standard Risorgimento poetry. While we are at it, we may offer few lines by another major Risorgimento figure:

Lo stranier la mia terra calpesta,
Il mio gregge macella, il mio onor

Vuol strapparmi; ma un ferro mi resta,
Un acciar per ferirlo nel cor.
Non sei stanco di giogo, d'oltraggi,
Di codarde lusinghe, d'inganni?
Questa terra servili e tiranni
Solo porta, ma prodi non più?[9]

The battling images here ("un ferro," "un acciar") stylistically suggest the opera stage more than they do the battlefield. The dichotomy between *Erlebnis* and *Dichtung* could not appear more sharply, if we think that the author of the lines is Garibaldi.

The major argument to support the idea that my quotations are unfair would not so much be that Mazzini and Garibaldi were not professional poets (for that matter, Risorgimento poets are, in all textbook definitions, "minor") but rather that the historical situation itself justified the conventional, oversimplified poetic utterance. Action, the argument could run, means practical decision as to what is right and what is wrong; there is no room for complexity of image and feeling. The counter-argument, however, could be that this poetry, while meant to be simple and popular, has recourse to the cultural, literate, bookish speech and imagery; that while it is meant for "the people," it is by no means *easy*. True, its basic situation, its moral pattern, is simple: Italy, enslaved for centuries, will achieve freedom through the unity of her children, vanquishing and chasing her barbarous oppressors. However, even in the proverbially famous texts, the ones which have become national anthems, the language and imagery do not necessarily possess the immediacy and clarity which their popularity would warrant. To use again the most obvious area of exemplification, see the all-pervading reference to Roman imagery. We are, of course, so used to Mercantini's *Inno di Garibaldi* and Mameli's *Fratelli d'Italia* that their imagery has become transparent, we perceive it no longer; but if we try for a moment to see it from a totally fresh point

of view, I believe it can be argued that it contains an irremediable, basic complexity and that its remoteness from any possible *Erlebnis* on the part of "the people" is still striking. Words of patriotic anthems should not be quibbled about; I still believe that their "complexity" is worth mentioning. Here, for instance, fighters for freedom are asked to follow the example of their resurrected heroic dead who go again into battle *le spade nel pugno, gli allori alle chiome*; and the *patria*, of course, wears *l'elmo di Scipio*, while hope of victory is expressed through that rather involved image about Victory being "Rome's slave." To go to battle, our military formation will be the Roman *cohors*: the contemporary experience is transcribed into ancient Roman key. The poet Goffredo Mameli, be it remembered, fell at 22 in the heroic defense of the Roman Republic, had probably a good political awareness of what he was doing in his historical context, and justly stands as a symbol of valor and sacrifice for the cause of freedom.

One conclusion, then, as Mr. Speroni aptly shows in this same issue of the *Quarterly*, is that although a good deal of this body of poetry was written to be sung, and some still is, there is hardly any bona fide "popular" poetry here. In a much later and different social context — the period of the First World War — more properly popular songs may have emerged, such as those connected with the Alpine troops in Northern Venetia: speech and imagery are concrete, not without crudeness, semi-vernacular. The Risorgimento songs, by and large, are neither the anonymous "voice of people" nor cultured attempts to discover that voice and give it expression; they are conventional compositions produced by the literate middle class, that is, by the people who did make the Risorgimento (witness, to give a usual example, the list of Garibaldi's Thousand and their backgrounds and professions), brought up, as far as poetry and literature went, on a reverence for classical culture, and permeated

with all of the varied Italian rhetorics from Roman to Romantic, through such phases of poetic taste (by no means wholly negative in their effects) as the Arcadia.

> Addio, mia bella, addio,
> L'armata se ne va;
> Se non partissi anch'io
> Sarebbe una viltà![10]

This, after all, is a sort of drummed-up Metastasio.

* * *

The linguistic instrument of these poets seems then to work more effectively, rather than in the attempts at conjuring up the more august and official images of the *patria*, in the presentation of the episodical detail, the limited romantic tableau of patriotic life. Here too, however, the qualities which we may roughly refer to as sentimentalism and melodrama often make it difficult to use these compositions even as period-pieces. This is the poetic counterpart to the so-called *pittura di genere*, it is the world inhabited by the wandering patriot-exile who "sempre ha la patria in cor"[11] (Berchet, *Le fantasie*), of the Italian woman cursed for having married a Teuton (same, *Il rimorso*: "Ella è sola dinnanzi le genti... — Maledetta chi d'italo amplesso / Il tedesco soldato beò! —),[12] of the dead sailor's fiancée (Mercatini, *La fidanzata del marinaio di Lissa*: "Povero Turi mio, non può tornare! È in fondo al mare."),[13] of the soldier's farewell to his beloved, and countless other vignettes. To remain within the area of extremely popular instances, in *Addio, mia bella, addio*, which is the proverbial treatment of the farewell motif, written by a Florentine lawyer to be sung on a pre-existing popular air, "il brando" is gone and there is reference to "le pistole", "lo schioppo", "il moschetto", and other such tangible properties of the departing soldier. Even "Io vado in Lombardia / Incontro all'oppressor"[14]

is convincingly purposeful, both syntactically and geographically. Ippolito Nievo who, to mention only that, invented in La Pisana one of the few living feminine characters in Italian fiction, thus sings of his leader, General Garibaldi:

Ha un non so che nell'occhio
Che splende dalla mente
E a mettersi in ginocchio
Sembra inchinar la gente;
Pur nelle folte piazze
Girar cortese, umano,
E porgere la mano
Lo vidi alle ragazze.
Sia per fiorito calle
In mezzo a canti e a suoni,
Che tra fischianti palle
E scoppio de' cannoni,
Ei nacque sorridendo
Né sa mutar di stile.
Solo al nemico e al vile
È l'occhio suo tremendo.[15]

This, at least, is speech practically unfiltered through "literature". For opposite reasons the more mature, well-informed, professional among the poets, like Berchet in the first Romantic generation, Prati and Aleardi in the second, are not necessarily the more felicitous. Berchet's Clarina bids her soldier-fiancé farewell in the average style of opera librettos:

Va', Gismondo; e qual ch'io sia
non por mente alle mie pene.
Una patria avevi in pria
che donassi a me il tuo cor:
rompi a lei le sue catene,
poi t'inebria dell'amor.
Va', combatti; e ne' perigli
pensa, o caro, al dì remoto
quando assiso in mezzo ai figli

tu festoso potrai dir:
« Questo brando a lei devoto
tolse Italia dal servir. » —[16]

The same poet "romanticizes" the father of the patriot Silvio Pellico turning him into the Romantic stock-character of the hermit (*Il romito del Cenisio*). In this direction a whole study could be conducted on the way a Romantic *Stimmung* and Romantic clichés are applied to the situations of patriotic poetry. For instance, in Prati's *Anniversario di Curtatone* the ghosts on a moonlit plain are those of the battle dead, later referred to as withered lilies on the *patria*'s brow ("...della bella Ausonia / gigli defunti al crin.") In a more discursive tone, in unrhymed endecasyllables, Aleardi in his poem called *Triste dramma* and subtitled *A te, donna, che sai*, addresses the forgetful beloved of a hanged patriot:

Ei salutò l'Italia
serenamente . . . Un turbine di nebbie
coperse il resto. A mezzo il dì dai vani
ad or ad or de le fuggenti nubi
usciva il sole a battere sul campo
deserto, su la fune orrida, su la
pendula salma d'un gentile ucciso,
e su quel collo ahi! livido, che un tempo
tu coprivi di baci.[17]

* * *

Achieving a balance between cultivated poetry and communicable speech never seems to have been more difficult than with the Italian poets of this period; and naturally, the more cultured and ambitious run the greater risks. Some of these poets strike the most promising notes when the patriotic experience is rendered in personal terms and the tone is not that of hymn but rather that of the poetic meditation: examples could be found, in the second Romantic generation, in Aleardi himself (e.g.,

in some moments of *I tre fiumi*), or, in the earlier generation, in a poet who is largely neglected even by average educated Italians, Giovita Scalvini (*Il fuoruscito*). These, however, are hardly popular poems of the *patria* and do not give Risorgimento poetry its tone. Often, in the poems that aimed at popularity, produced, as it were, in the thick of it,the clashes between doggerel versification and ponderous imagery, between feeling and diction, are the major characteristics; the results, in the worst cases, can be a sort of unconscious caricature. Interestingly enough, in view of the problems of poetry for "the people", I seem to find no better example of this sort of self-parody than a poem by Aleardi the subject of which is the workers seduced by revolutionary ideas and going wild, turning into "plebe feroce" (*Il comunismo e Federico Bastiat*):

Lascian la sega, lasciano
L'incudine sonora
Que' furibondi, e sboccano
Del lamentoso tetto.
I rei sofismi cambiansi
In palle di moschetto:
Per le fumanti vie
Gemono le agonie;
E cento madri in lagrime
De le stelle al pallor
Cercheran fra i cadaveri
Il figliuolo che muor.[18]

At the opposite end, I presume that a thorough enquiry into the poetry of the period would finally suggest that some of its most convincing results — of the happiest encounters between the popular and the relatively cultured, between speech communicable to "the people" and that dexterity of language without which there is no point in having professional writers at all — are to be found in specimens of the realistic-satiric vein. The major example here is Giusti; but even earlier makers of occasional

poems of that type, like Carbone and Dall'Ongaro, have their merits in the search for a "natural" idiom; one somehow feels that their popularity is healthier and more authentic that that of the official song-writers.

* * *

It seems clear that the generations following the achievement of political unity hardly found themselves with a workable poetic image of the *patria*. Carrying matters to extremes of oversimplification we may say that the lacerated lady who was the object of the past poets' love and wrath, compassion and censure, somehow corresponded to a personal and historical experience in ways in which the official Italy of *l'elmo di Scipio*, of course, does not. I started by mentioning past poets as the country's natural interpreters and judges. Their task belongs to writers and artists in general. A major peculiarity of Italy is that this work of definition and expression, in terms of a modern nation and its concrete complexities, for more or less obvious historical, social, linguistic reasons has been protracted and still continues with an urgency perhaps unknown to other culturally relevant countries. Hence the contradictory quality of Italy's emblems, the peculiar way, we might say, that Italy has of being a nation. Frivolous as this may sound, it is perhaps not without interest that while the official, national-anthem image of Italy as more or less the Goddess Rome has naturally no relevance as a communal emblem of citizenship, the nation does not even possess any such items of household patriotic mythology as John Bull or Uncle Sam. The situation, in the present unhappy stage in the life of nationalisms, is not necessarily unfortunate or negative. The singularly composite, undefined, changeful quality of Italian culture may engender confusion and irritation on one side, but also, on the other, a healthy sense of openness and surprise,

expectancy, participation. And these undoubtedly are the basic reasons for the present resurgence of interest in the culture of Italy.

TRANSLATIONS

1. « Is this not the earth I touched first? . . . Is this not the fatherland in which I trust, / Benign and pious mother / That covers both my parents? »
2. . . . « Alas, how many wounds, / What pallor, what blood! oh such as I see you, / Most beautiful woman! »
3. « . . . her hair parted and without veil / She sits on the ground neglected and disconsolate, / Hiding her face / Between her knees, and cries. »
4. « Cry, for you have reason for it, my Italy, / Born to excel over all people / Both in happy and in adverse fate. »
5. « The sacrifice of the fatherland has been consummated. »
6. « The victim has been sacrificed ».
7. « it is like the Venice of his mind ending into the arms of Austria. »
8. I hoped that the genius of your early valor, which once made Rome the center of the world, was again born. Here, on the Alps, stand the centuries of your glory; they bear witness to your lords and to your people that you are not cowardly, not weak, but oppressed and betrayed, and that if you awaken to life, once again you will be queen. Upon you a fatal law of sorrow now finds its fulfillment, your hair is covered with ashes, your cloak is torn and ugly. But the hour of righteous wrath will sound, terrible, and may it teach fear to the barbarian oppressor.
9. The foreigner tramples upon my land, he slaughters my flocks, he attempts to deprive me of my honor; but I have one weapon left, a sword with which to pierce his heart. Are you not tired of the yoke, of the outrages, of the cowardly flattery, of the deceptions? Does this land bear only serfs and tyrants, and no longer any valiant men?
10. Farewell, my fair one, farewell, the army is leaving and if I also did not go it would be a cowardly deed.
11. « who always carries the fatherland in his heart. »
12. « She is alone before the people . . . Cursed is the woman who with her Italian embrace gave bliss to the Teuton soldier. »

13. « My poor Turi cannot come back! He is down at the bottom of the sea. »
14. « I am going to Lombardy / to face the oppressor. »
15. There is something in his eyes that shines forth from his mind and invites people to fall on their knees; still I saw him wander through the crowded squares, courteous and humane, extending his hand to young girls. Whether on a flowery path amidst song and music, or whether on the field amidst screaming bullets or cannon roars, he was born smiling nor could he appear different. Only to the enemy and to the cowards is his glance terrifying.
16. Go, Gismondo; and whatever I may be, do not mind my sorrow. You had a fatherland before you gave your heart to me; break her chains first, then rejoice in your love. Go; fight; and when you are in danger think, oh dear one, of the far-away day when seated among your children happily you will be able to say: « This devoted sword freed Italy from her serfdom. »
17. He bade farewell to Italy with serenity. A whirlwind of fog covered the rest. Toward noon, through the breaks in the fleeting clouds, the sun appeared, shining on the deserted field, on the horrible rope, on the hanging corpse of a gentle man, now murdered, and on his neck, now livid, which once you would cover with kisses.
18. They cast aside the saw, the sonorous anvil, and furiously they emerge from the sorrowful abode. The ugly slogans become now bullets; on the smoking streets lie the wounded. Hundreds of mothers in tears seek out their dying sons in the pale light of the stars.

Popular songs and hymns of the "Risorgimento"

Charles Speroni

An important chapter in the history of the popular poetry of most peoples belongs to patriotic poetry and song: and as one might suppose, the more tormented and complex the history of an ethnic group or of a nation, the richer and more abundant its patriotic balladry. Because of the peculiar political history of the Italian nation, which in spite of its long cultural history, became an indepedent political entity almost a century after the United States, it is not surprising to find that the true flowering of her patriotic poetry and song coincides with the revolutions, battles, secret societies, and heroic deeds that brought about the amalgamation of Piedmontese, Lombards, Venetians, Tuscans, Sicilians, etc., into *Italians*, and the realization of national unity. It was during the Risorgimento, the "Resurgence", namely during those years that fall between the defeat of Napoleon in 1815 and the seizure of Rome by General Raffaello Cadorna in 1870, that the Italian "virtù" took up arms against the enemy's "furore", and even if the struggle was not as short as had been prophesied by Petrarch and Machiavelli, it became evident that the "antico valor" had not died in the Italian hearts.

It is interesting to bear in mind that the early part of the Risorgimento largely coincides with the Romantic movement, with that period, that is, when not only was there a keen interest in the mores, songs and traditions of the masses, of the "folk," but in the civic atmosphere created by the French revolution and the American De-

claration of Independence, many writers felt it was their duty to use the pen to educate the masses in the new ideas of democracy, liberty, and brotherhood of mankind. In Italy, where freedom did not exist, where the people were oppressed by the foreigner, the literature of the Romantic period was largely permeated by political and patriotic allusions. Indeed, many Italian poets and writers, whose deep concern over the sad plight of their dismembered and subjected fatherland went back to Dante and Petrarch, were great patriots, and in their hymns and ballads they fought real battles for the independence of their country. It was during those years that a staunch poet and patriot, Niccolò Tommaseo, called attention to the national character of popular songs and their importance in keeping alive the memory of national events and deeds.

In the realm of music and song, when one thinks of the Risorgimento, the names that immediately come to mind are those of the great composers of Italian operas, Vincenzo Bellini, Gioacchino Rossini, Gaetano Donizzetti, and especially Giuseppe Verdi: this is as it should be, for many of their works reflect, more or less overtly, the patriotic sentiments of their contemporaries. How the hearts of the spectators must have pounded upon hearing "Va', pensiero, sull'ali dorate" from Verdi's *Nabucco*, and "O Signore, dal tetto natio" from his *The Lombards!* And there were many other touching and stirring choruses and arias in Rossini's *William Tell* and *Moses*, in Bellini's *The Puritans* — whose duet "Squillo di tromba" became a battle hymn — and particularly in Verdi's other patriotic operas, *Macheth*, *Joan of Arc*, *The Battle of Legnano*, *The Masked Ball*, and others.

Equally interesting, but far more abundant and often more popular than the operatic choruses, were the hymns and songs that were written and sung from the Alps to far away Sicily, and it is to this type of popular poetry and song that we shall devote our attention here.

So many were the songs and hymns written for every occasion during the Risorgimento that if one were to collect them all — granted that that were possible — he would compile a true lyric and melodic history of the political and military events of those tormented years.

Some of the patriotic songs of the Risorgimento were written by well-known poets, who had a flair for the "popular vein." The majority, however, were written by minor poets and even poetasters: These were the "poets of the people," and although they seldom reached poetic heights, they had the great merit of interpreting and sharing the emotions of the people and of writing a song or a hymn that could be easily set to music and quickly remembered by the masses.

We do not know the names of the authors of all patriotic poetry: many patriotic songs are anonymous. There is no doubt that anonymity was often desired by the poet in order to avoid persecution; but we must also envision the possibility that some anonymous songs may have sprung spontaneously among the people; this, it would seem, could very well have been the case with the shorter songs of the *stornello* variety. And, of course, one must not discount the possibility that a few songs may have been the result of group effort, especially when it was merely a matter of adapting simple lyrics to a borrowed tune. But, in general, it is not too difficult to agree with Hegel who believed that for most popular songs there is an individual author.

Whatever be the origin of a given song, it is the people who are responsible for its popularity. If a song is not liked by the people, by and large it remains unknown; if it strikes the people's fancy, if it "catches on", it becomes popular, even if the names of the poet and of the composer remain in partial or complete obscurity. Further, the more popular a folksong becomes, the greater are the probabilities that its lyrics will undergo some sort of change. A classic example of this fairly

common phenomenon is the transformation of the initial line of a popular patriotic song by Carlo Bosi, "Addio, mia bella, addio." The author wrote "Io vengo a dirti addio," but the people immediately changed it to "Addio, mia bella, addio," and it is in this version that it has been sung down to the present. But not all changes are intentional; most often they are due to the natural process of deterioration: misunderstanding of a word or phrase, forgetfulness, etc. Accuracy, after all, is secondary in folk-songs: what seems to matter most is the general spirit of the song, and the melody that carries it.

We have said that a "complete song book" of the Risorgimento would be impossible to assemble: this is perfectly understandable if we bear in mind that hundreds of songs were printed as broadsides and were therefore very perishable; that many of the more daring songs and rhymes were never printed and were propagated only orally; and that many of the very popular short rhymes were scribbled on walls during the night and promptly erased or whitewashed the next day by the police. It is to the perception and the labor of a few collectors of the latter part of the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth that we owe our knowledge of many songs now no longer sung or remembered: had they not solicited them from the "old timers" who still remembered them, and written them down, even a larger number of songs would be lost to us forever.

A chronological reading of the more readily accessible collections of Italian patriotic songs brings forcefully home the fact that hymns and songs followed closely the events of the day: some songs vibrate with expectation, others exult in victory, others goad and urge a promising champion of liberty, and others sadly comment on defeats and express the hope of a new dawn. A common form of patriotic songs expresses the heartbreak at the moment of separation between the mother, or more frequently, the sweetheart and the soldier, who is leaving for battle. Many

are the songs that extol the bravery of the volunteer, his desire to do or die for his country. One never encounters an inkling of cowardice or hesitation. The tone, except for some stirring marching songs, is seldom gay: war is serious business! But light humorous songs are not wanting: they are usually short, and they tend to vilify the enemy. The brevity of the humorous song — and for that matter of certain other songs — and the simplicity of the language and of the sentiments expressed, often betray what may be called a truly popular origin. Contrary to the longer poems, which generally reveal a more sustained inspiration and a more experienced hand, these poems are casual and rather pedestrian in style.

Many are the heroes of the Italian patriotic songs: the Fatherland, King Carlo Alberto, Pope Pius IX, Giuseppe Mazzini, King Victor Emmanuel II, the various martyrs for liberty. The great favorites, as one would expect, are: the hero of the wars of independence, the colorful, red-shirted general Giuseppe Garibaldi, and the Flag, the "tricolor" which in everybody's minds and hearts waved high over beautiful Italy, and fanned the hopes of victory and of unity.

Another observation to be derived from even a general consideration of Italian patriotic balladry, is that although some regions of the peninsula, unquestionably because of closer involvement in the political and military events, contributed a larger share of songs, patriotic songs and hyms sprang up practically everywhere from Piedmont to Sicily. And the animating spirit of all is much the same from one end of the peninsula to the other: rebellion against the tyrant, desire for freedom, exhaltation of the hero of the moment, satire or abuse of the enemy.

In the following selection, which by necessity exiguous and inadequate, no effort was made to be representative either geographically or historically: an effort has been made to give a sampling of various types of patriotic

hymns and songs — often giving only one or more stanzas from the longer poems — and to observe a chronological order.

SELECTIONS

A well-known poet who wrote many patriotic poems at the very dawn of the Risorgimento was Gabriele Rossetti. Here are two stanzas from his long poem *La costituzione di Napoli* which he wrote in 1820 when the King of Naples, Ferdinand I, granted a Constitution:

Che guardate, gelosi stranieri?
Non uscite dai vostri burroni,
chè la stirpe dei prischi leoni
più nel sonno languente non è!
Adorate le vostre catene,
(Chi v'invidia cotanto tesoro?)
ma lasciate tranquilli coloro
che disdegnan sentirsele al piè.[1]

The following year, when the Lombards were hoping that the Piedmontese would start a war, similar sentiments inspired Alessandro Manzoni's more famous *Marzo 1821*:

O stranieri, nel proprio retaggio
torna Italia, e il suo suolo riprende;
o stranieri, strappate le tende
da una terra che madre non v'è.
Non vedete che tutta si scote
dal Cenisio alla balza di Scilla?
Non sentite che infida vacilla
sotto il peso de' barbari piè?[2]

In 1829 several rebellions broke out in Northern Italy. It was at that time that Giovanni Berchet, one of the best-known poets of the Risorgimento, wrote his *All'armi! All'armi!* which contains a famous stanza on the Italian red-white-and-green flag:

Dall'Alpi allo Stretto fratelli siam tutti!
Su i limiti schiusi, su i troni distrutti

piantiamo i comuni tre nostri color!
Il *verde*, la speme tant'anni pasciuta;
il *rosso*, la gioia d'averla compiuta;
il *bianco*, la fede fraterna d'amor.
Su, Italia! su, in armi! Venuto è il tuo dì!
Dei re congiurati la tresca finì![3]

But the great awakening came in 1846 with the high hopes inspired by the election of Pope Pius IX. So great became the popularity of this liberal pope, that newspapers were founded, pamphlets were published, and countless hymns were composed in his honor. His image was even painted on cups and dishes. Among the songs and hymns which were written in his honor, very popular was the following which, it is said, was composed by the students of Pisa, and which became for a while a sort of a national hymn:

O giovani ardenti
d'italico amore,
servate il valore
pel dì del pugnar.
Evviva l'Italia,
evviva Pio Nono;
evviva l'unione
e la libertà!
. . . . . .
Stringiamoci insieme;
siam tutti fratelli;
in giorni più belli
ci giova sperar.
Evviva l'Italia, etc.
. . . . . .
Già l'armi son pronte
a un cenno di Pio
mandato da Dio
l'Italia a salvar.
Evviva l'Italia, etc.[4]

As Alessandro d'Ancona pointed out, the hyms in honor of Pius IX had this in common, that in many of them, Pio rhymed with Dio! Later, however, Pius showed that he

really was not as liberal as people had believed. As Alessandro Manzoni wittily said: "Pio IX prima benedì l'Italia; poi la mandò a farsi benedire."
Tremendously popular at the same time was the verse of one of the most prolific poets of the Risorgimento, Francesco dall'Ongaro. Among the most popular was his *La camelia toscana,* which is in the style of a *stornello.* It is said that Garibaldi sang it in Montevideo before he sailed back to Italy:

Bel fior che in rosso e in bianco vi tingete
e fra due verdi foglie vi posate,
ditemi da qual terra esule siete?
Ditemi in qual stagion vi colorate?
Non dimandarmi di qual terra io sia;
la terra che m'accolse è patria mia.
Non dimandarmi in che stagion germoglio;
nata una volta più morir non soglio.
Nata una volta non pavento il verno:
il color della speme è verde eterno.[5]

And popular indeed was the following, also by Francesco dall'Ongaro, on the tricolor cockade, called *brigidino,* apparently from its resemblance to a cookie which the nuns of Saint Bridget used to distribute on certain religious festivities:

E lo mio amore se n'è ito a Siena
m'ha porto il brigidin di due colori.
Il bianco gli è la fe' che c'incatena,
il rosso l'allegria de' nostri cori.
Ci metterò una voglia di verbena,
ch'io stessa alimentai di freschi umori,
e gli dirò che il rosso, il verde, il bianco
gli stanno bene con la spada al fianco.
E gli dirò che il bianco, il verde, il rosso
vuol dir che Italia il suo giogo l'ha scosso.
E gli dirò che il bianco, il rosso, il verde
è un terno che si gioca e non si perde.[6]

Even in a limited selection such as this, it would be impossible not to include at least the first stanza of a

lilting poem written by Domenico Carbone at the time the Piedmontese were beginning to be irritated by the constant hesitation of King Carlo Alberto (1847):

In diebus illis, c'era in Italia,
narra una vecchia gran pergamena,
un re che andava, fin dalla balia,
pazzo pel gioco dell'altalena.
Caso assai raro ne' re l'estimo,
e fu chiamato Tentenna primo.
Or lo cullava Biagio, or Martino,
ma l'uno presto, l'altro adagino.
E il Re diceva presto od adagio:
— Bravo Martino, benone Biagio.
Ciondola, dondola, che cosa amena
dondolo, dondola è l'altalena:
un po' più celere... meno... di più...
ciondola, dondola e su e giù.[7]

Once he plunged into action, however, many were the poems and hymns written in his honor.

It was in September of 1847 also that the young patriot Goffredo Mameli, who gave his life during the defense of Rome in 1849, wrote one of the most beautiful, and undoubtedly the most popular hymn of the Risorgimento, "Fratelli d'Italia." This hymn was sung often and loudly in 1848 when the war against Austria began: it had been set to music by maestro Michele Novaro. Fratelli d'Italia is Italy's national anthem:

Fratelli d'Italia,
l'Italia s'è desta;
dell'elmo di Scipio
s'è cinta la testa.
Dov'è la vittoria?
Le porga la chioma,
chè schiava di Roma
Iddio la creò.
Stringiamoci a coorte,
siam pronti alla morte:
Italia chiamò.

Noi siamo da secoli
calpesti e derisi,
perchè non siam popolo,
perchè siam divisi;
raccolgaci un'unica
bandiera, una speme;
di fonderci insieme
già l'ora suonò.
Stringiamoci a coorte, *etc.*

Uniamoci, amiamoci;
l'unione e l'amore
rivelano ai popoli
le vie del Signore.
Giuriamo far libero
il suolo natio:
uniti per Dio,
chi vincer ci può?
Stringiamoci a coorte, *etc.*[8]

Far less known, but popular in that year was also this rhythmic hymn of Teobaldo Cicconi:

Fischiano i venti, la notte è nera,
batte la pioggia sulla bandiera:
finchè nel cielo rinasca il giorno,
giriam, fratelli, giriamo intorno.
Zitto! Silenzio! Chi passa là,
Passa la ronda. Viva la ronda:
Viva l'Italia, la libertà!

Siam delle guardie dai tre colori,
Verde, la speme dei nostri cori,
Bianco, la fede stretta fra noi,
Rosso, le piaghe de' nostri eroi.
Zitto! Silenzio! Chi passa là? *etc.*[9]

In the early months of 1848, shortly before the Milanese covered themselves with glory by the expulsion of the Austrians from their city, a real outburst of truly popular poetry heralded the fateful "Five Days of Milan."

The following, which bitterly attacked the Austrian general Radetzky, was probably first scribbled on a wall:

A Marengo celato in un pollaio,
ad Ulma il primo avanti fra' fuggiaschi,
a Milano un birbante macellaio,
a Ferrara politico fra i fiaschi,
rinnegato polacco fra i tedeschi:
eccovi, amici, il general Radetsky.[10]

And in and around Ravenna they sang as follows in their quaint dialect:

Se li Tedeschi
non sgombran da Ferrara
prepara la bara che morti saran.
Viva Radeschi
cott in pignatta
fiol d'una vacca
ch'brod che farà.[11]

The easily improvised *stornelli* popped up everywhere, as if written by invisible hands. The following were published in Florence's *Giornaletto pei Popolani* on January 1, 1848:

Fior di ginestra:
Il nemico ha andar via di casa nostra
Dalla porta, se no dalla finestra.

Fior di limone:
Tutti alla nostra Italia vogliam bene:
Dall'Alpi all'Etna abbiamo giurato unione.

Evviva, Italia, evviva il tuo buon anno!
Or che svegliata sei dal lungo sonno,
Per Te non vi sarà mai più malanno.[12]

In Milan, the well-known *stornello* by Dall'Ongaro was paraphrased as follows:

Battista che tornò da Barlassina,
portommi un fiorellin di due colori:
il *giallo*, un'itterizia malandrina,

il *nero,* il lutto de' lombardi cori.
Io v'unirò una zampa di *pollina*
usa a raschiar ne' più fetenti odori.

E gli dirò che il dindio, il giallo e il nero
emblema son d'un aborrito impero:
e gli dirò che il dindio, il nero, il giallo
treman, perchè l'Italia è tutta in ballo;
e gli dirò che il nero, il giallo, il pollo,
andranno, quanto prima, a rompicollo.[13]

Naturally, quite different were the sentiments associated with the Italian colors! Here is a stanza from a hymn sung in Florence in 1848:

Il vermiglio ti dice che il core
arde in petto del prode italiano,
ed il bianco ti addita il candore
e la fe' di chi vola a pugnar.
La speranza d'Italia è nel verde:
finalmente vi trovi scolpita
la speranza che l'ultima perde
chi s'accinge la patria a salvar.[14]

And the tricolor was also praised in a hymn for the wars of 1848 written by Luigi Mercantini:

Tre colori, tre colori,
l'italian cantando va:
e cantando i tre colori
il fucile imposterà.
Foco, foco, foco, foco!
s'ha da vincere o morir.
Foco, foco, foco, foco!
ma il tedesco ha da morir.
E sol verde, bianca e rossa
la bandiera s'innalzò.
E sol verde, bianca e rossa
la bandiera s'innalzò.[15]

Children, too young to shoulder a gun, participated in the struggle with their young voices:

Noi siamo piccoli,
ma cresceremo,

ma pugneremo
per libertà.

Noi siamo piccoli,
ma baldi e freschi,
e dei tedeschi
paura non s'ha.

Noi siamo piccoli,
ma poi non troppo;
la spada e lo schioppo,
sapremo impugnar.[16]

We shall spare the reader the very pedestrian verse of the so-called *Italian Marseillese*, a hymn which was sung a great deal in 1848:

Su coraggio, o bella Italia,
di gloria il giorno alfin suonò![17]

One of the most typical of popular songs was one sung by the Tuscan volunteers. One soldier sang a whole stanza *solo*, then the other soldiers repeated in chorus the last two lines. Because of its simplicity, the stanza could be changed *ad libitum*:

Io vorrei che a Metternicche
gli tagliasser le basette:
vorrei farne le spazzette
per le scarpe del suo re.

Io vorrei che a Metternicche
gli tagliasser le budelle;
vorrei farne le bertelle
per le brache del suo re.[18]

One of the most, if not the most popular song of the Risorgimento — Mameli's was a hymn rather than a song — which is still sung today, was *Il volontario che parte per la guerra dell'Indipendenza*, better known with the shorter title *L'Addio del volontario*. It has been

attributed to Mercantini, Poerio, and others. Some poeple, because of its simplicity, believe it was of popular origin. It seems, however, that the real author was the Florentine Carlo Bosi, a lawyer.

Addio, mia bella, addio,
l'armata se ne va;
se non partissi anch'io
sarebbe una viltà!
Non pianger, mio tesoro,
forse ritornerò;
ma se in battaglia io moro
in ciel ti rivedrò.
La spada, le pistole,
lo schioppo l'ho con me:
allo spuntar del sole
io partirò da te.
Il sacco è preparato
sull'omero mi sta;
son uomo, e son soldato,
viva la libertà!
. . . . . .
Se più del tuo diletto
tu non udrai parlar,
perito di moschetto,
per lui non sospirar.
Io non ti lascio sola,
ti resta un figlio ancor;
nel figlio ti consola,
nel figlio dell'amor!
Squilla la tromba, addio,
l'armata se ne va;
un bacio al figlio mio;
viva la libertà.[19]

Paolo Toschi has pointed out that the short stanzas of this song *mutatis mutandis* were patterned after a very popular song which was written when the first locomotives were steaming through the Italian countryside:

Io vorrei che nella luna
ci si andasse col vapore,

per poter fare all'amore
colle donne di lassù.
. . . . . .
Mi racconta chi c'è stato
che non hanno gelosia
che non hanno la pazzia
delle donne di quaggiù...[20]

King Carlo Alberto was defeated at Novara in 1849 and Austria occupied again the territories she had abandoned earlier. With the return of the Austrians, patriotic songs were severly suppressed. The martial rhythm of *Addio, mia bella, addio* was no longer heard: in its stead one heard at times the melancholy strains of Tomaso Grossi's ballad *Rondinella pellegrina.* The perennial *stornello,* however, continued to be improvised:

Fiorin d'amore,
son stato prigioniero a Montanara
Seguendo la bandiera tricolore.

O Dio de' Dei,
Son stato prigioniero e tu lo sai
E per l'Italia ci ritornei.[21]

As the patriotic wars of 1859-61 were approaching, in November 1858 Garibaldi asked Mercantini to write a hymn for his volunteers: the *Hymn of Garibaldi* which has been played and sung in every corner of Italy down to the present.

Si scopron le tombe, si levano i morti,
i martiri nostri son tutti risorti!
Le spade nel pugno, gli allori alle chiome,
la fiamma ed il nome — d'Italia sul cor!

Veniamo! Veniamo! Su, o giovani schiere!
Su al vento per tutto le nostre bandiere!
Su tutti col ferro, su tutti col foco,
Su tutti col foco — d'Italia nel cor!
Va' fuori d'Italia, va' fuori ch'è l'ora,
Va' fuori d'Italia, va' fuori, o stranier. *etc.*[22]

It seems, however, that this hymn was not popular with the soldiers of the Risorgimento, and it is said that Garibaldi himself preferred by far Mameli's hymn.

Needless to say, the songs and poems in honor of the "Hero of the Two Worlds" were legion; Garibaldi himself wrote patriotic poetry! One of the most popular hymns of the time was Rosso Traversa's *Camicia rossa* which was set to music by Luigi Pantaleoni:

Quando la tromba suonava all'armi,
con Garibaldi corsi a arruolarmi;
la man mi strinse con forte scossa,
e mi die' questa camicia rossa.
E dall'istante che t'indossai
le braccia d'oro ti ricamai...
Quando a Milazzo passai sergente,
camicia rossa, camicia ardente.
Porti l'impronta di mia ferita,
sei tutta lacera, tutta scucita;
per questo appunto mi sei più cara,
camicia rossa, camicia rara.
Tu sei l'emblema dell'ardimento:
il tuo colore mette spavento:
fra poco uniti andremo a Roma,
camicia rossa, camicia indoma.
Fida compagna del mio valore,
s'io ti contemplo mi batte il core;
par che tu intenda la mia favella,
camicia rossa, camicia bella.
Là sul Volturno, di te vestito,
quando sul campo caddi ferito,
eri la stessa che allor vestia,
camicia rossa, camicia mia.
Con te sul petto farò la guerra
ai prepotenti di questa terra,
mentre l'Italia d'eroi si vanta,
camicia rossa, camicia santa.
Quando all'appello di Garibaldi,
a un di que' mille suoi prodi e baldi
daremo insieme fuoco alla mina,
camicia rossa garibaldina.
Se dei tedeschi nei fieri scontri

vien che la morte da prode incontri,
chi sa qual sorte sarà serbata,
camicia rossa, camicia amata![23]

The *stornello* continued to florish also during the Garibaldi wars, particularly in the countryside.

Se stiamo saldi
la libertà ci costa pochi soldi
andando tutti sotto Garibaldi.

Fior d'erba amara!
Spunta la rosa della primavera
ai piedi delle croci di Novara.
E le croci dei campi di Novara.
dicono a quella rosa: Apriti e spera![24]

And so did the *ritornello*:

Lascialo andar,
chè volontario va,
e va con Garibaldi
l'Italia a liberar.[25]

At that time the names of Garibaldi and King Victor Emmanuel were often mentioned in the same songs. Very popular became a song that was adapted from the well-known *Bell'uccellin del bosco*, in which a young bride looked back with regret upon her lost freedom.

Bell'uccellin del bosco	per la campagna vola.
Dove sarà volà?	Nell'orto d'Isabella.
Cosa ci avrà portà?	Una lettera sigillata.
Cosa ci sarà su?	La libertà d'Italia.
Chi la libererà?	Vittorio Emanuele.
Chi è questo Vittò?	È il re degl'Italiani.
E chi l'aiuterà?	Giuseppe Garibaldi.
Chi è sto Garibaldi?	Il dio dei volontari...[26]

After the victorius battle of Magenta, on the 8 of June, 1859, Victor Emmanuel II and Napoleon III were given in Milan what today we would call a ticker-tape welcome.

On that occasion the military bands played one of the gayest tunes of the Risorgimento, a song that will probably never die: *La bella Gigogin.* It was written by Paolo Giorza who died much later in far away Seattle in the United States.

Rataplan!... Tamburo io sento,
che mi chiama alla bandiera.
O che gioia, o che contento!
Io vado a guerreggiar.
Rataplan!... Non ho paura
delle bombe e dei cannoni;
io vado alla ventura...
Sarà poi quel che sarà.
Oh la bella Gigogin
col tro-mi-le-ri-le-rà!
La va a spass col sò spincin
col tro-mi-le-ri-le-rà!
Di quindici anni facevo all'amore...
Daghela avanti un passo,
delizia del mio core!

A sedici anni ho preso marito...
Daghela avanti un passo,
delizia del mio core!
a diciassette mi sono spartita...
Daghela avanti un passo,
delizia del mio core!

La ven, la ven, la ven alla finestra,
l'è tutta, l'è tutta, l'è tutta insipriada,
la dis, la dis, la dis che l'è malada
per non, per non, per non mangiar polenta.
Bisogna, bisogna, bisogna avè pazienza
lassala, lassala, lassala maridà.

Le baciai, le baciai, bel visetto,
cium, cium, cium.
La mi disse, la mi disse: Oh che diletto!
cium, cium, cium:
là più basso, là più basso, in quel boschetto,
andrem, andrem, a riposar,
cium, cium, cium,
ta ra ra ta tà.[27]

In Sicily the great victories of Garibaldi gave rise to numerous legends about his invincibility and even his supernatural immortality. The following was put into verse by Francesco dall'Ongaro:

E l'ho veduto io stessa a Monreale,
e vidi i lampi che gli uscian dagli occhi.
Ei non è fatto di tempra mortale,
e non c'è piombo che nel cor lo tocchi.
E me l'ha detto una monaca pia
ch'egli è fratello a Santa Rosalia!
La Santa gli ha mandato un talismano
tessuto in Cielo con la propria mano.[28]

Similar sentiments were expressed by this popular melody from the Po valley:

Sapresti dirmi, o vaga pastorella,
Perchè da i vostri monti in su la sera,
Or si vegga spuntar quella fiammella
Che luce pure quando l'aria è nera?
« Signore, v'ingannate! Essa è una stella
Che apparve sul finir di primavera.
Con Garibaldi venne in compagnia...
Io non so dirvi se che stella sia.
Ma so che a certa gente fa paura,
Perchè ella splende sempre, e non s'oscura.[29]

On August 29, 1862 the great general was wounded at Aspromonte, in Calabria, while he was planning to lead his soldiers on to Rome. This had a great impact on the minds of the people. The following simple song, which is still sung by adults and children alike, originated at that time:

Garibaldi fu ferito
fu ferito ad una gamba,
Garibaldi che comanda
che comanda il battaglion.
E la camicia rossa
e i pantalon turchini,
evviva Garibaldi
e i suoi Garibaldini.[30]

Of the numerous songs of the '60s, one of the very few that became part and parcel of the popular storehouse of folk-songs is *L'addio del Garibaldino alla sua innamorata.* Although written a few years earlier by Pietro Paolo Parzanese, this song became especially popular in 1866 when to the stanzas sung by Angiolino were added the replies of his Beppina. This song is still sung in many small towns of the Tuscan countryside. Here are a few stanzas:

Angiolino: Spunta il sole a la collina,
e il tamburo già suonò;
deh, non piangere, o Beppina,
a fin di guerra tornerò.

Beppina: Tu mi di' che ti son cara:
ancor questo crederò;
ma la tua partenza amara
notte e di' io piangerò.

Angiolino: Pria ch'io fossi innamorato
una patria Iddio mi diè:
per la patria son soldato,
mano e cor consacro a te.

Beppina: Non vorrei che in lontanza
ti scordassi anco di me:
io ti giuro con costanza
di pensare sempre a te.

. . . . . .

Angiolino: Garibaldi già mi chiama
e m'invita alla battaglia,
con un colpo di mitraglia
ci fa tutti incoraggiar.
Dunque addio cara Beppina,
chè il tamburo mi chiamò.
Deh, non piangere, carina;
a fin di guerra tornerò.[31]

This brief selection should probably close with one of the songs which was written to celebrate the conclusion

of Italian unification. Since, however, no song or hymn written on that occasion ever became popular, I prefer to end this sampling of patriotic songs with a Tuscan *rispetto* which, in expressing the concern of a sweetheart for her soldier who is leaving for war, belongs to all times:

Giovanottini che andate alla guerra,
tenete conto del mio innamorato;
badate che non posi l'arme in terra,
perch'alla guerra non c'è mai più stato.
Non me lo fate dormire al sereno;
è tanto gentilin che verrà meno:
non me lo fate dormire alla luna;
è tanto gentilin, me lo consuma.[32]

TRANSLATIONS

1. What are you watching, jealous foreigners? Do not leave your ravines, for the race of the ancient lions is no longer languishing in slumber! Do adore your own chains, (who can envy such a treasure?) but leave alone those who disdain being fettered by them.
2. Oh foreigners, Italy is claiming her own heritage, and is taking back her land; oh foreigners, remove your tents from a land which is not yours. Can't you see that she is awakening from Mont Cenis to the rock of Scylla? Can't you feel that she is treacherously tottering under the weight of barbaric feet?
3. From the Alps to the Strait (of Messina) we are all brothers! On the open boundaries, on the broken thrones, let us raise our three colors! The *green*, our long-nurtured hope; the *red*, our joy of having fulfilled it; the *white*, our brotherly pledge of love. Come Italy! To arms! Your time has come! The intrigues of the conspiring kings are over!
4. Oh youths burning with Italian love, save your valor for the day of battle! Hurrah for Italy, hurrah for Pius the Ninth; hurrah for unification and liberty! . . . Let us draw together; we are all brothers; it behooves us to hope in better days. Hurrah for Italy, etc.... The weapons are ready and waiting for a sign from Pius, sent by God to save Italy. Hurrah for Italy, etc.

5. Beautiful flower tinged with red and white which are set between two green leaves, tell me, from which land are you an exile? Tell me, in what season do you bloom? — Do not ask me whence I come; my country is the land which sheltered me. Do not ask me in what season I bloom; once I am born, I never die. Once I am born, I am not afraid of winter: the color of hope is ever green.
6. My love went to Siena, and brought me a cockade of two colors. The white stands for the faith which binds us, the red for the joy of our hearts. I'll add to it a verbena leaf, which I myself nourished with cool water: and I will tell him that the red, the green and the white look well on him when he carries his sword by his side. And I will tell him that the white, the green and the red mean that Italy has shaken her yoke. And I will tell him that the white, the red and the green are three lucky numbers in a lottery game.
7. In the old days, there was in Italy, an old parchment reads, a king who, from infancy, loved to play on a swing. I deem this a rather rare thing among kings; thus he was named Shilly-Shally the First. Now he was rocked by Tom, now by Harry; however, the former rocked him gently, the latter swiftly. And whether he was rocked gently or swiftly, the King would say: « Good Harry, very good Tom. » Swing, sway, sway, swing, how wonderful the swing is! Speed up . . . slow down . . . speed up . . . slow down . . . swing, sway, back and forth.
8. Brothers of Italy, Italy has awakened; she has donned Scipio's helmet. Where is Victory? Let her offer her head to Italy, for God created her a slave of Rome. Let us close ranks, we are ready to die, for Italy called us. We have been downtrodden and derided for centuries, because we are not a people, because we are divided; let us gather under one flag, one hope; the hour has struck for us to unite. Let us close ranks, etc. — Let us unite, let us love one another, unity and love reveal to peoples the ways of God; let us pledge to free our native land; united, by God, who can defeat us? Let us close ranks, etc.
9. The winds are howling, the night is black, the rain is pelting the flag: until day rises again in the sky, let's roam around, brethren, let's roam around. — Hush! Silence! Who goes there? The patrol is making the rounds. Hurrah for the patrol: Long live Italy and liberty! — We are

members of the guards of the tricolor: Green, the hope of our hearts; White, the faith that unites us; Red, the wounds of our heroes. — Hush! Silence! Who goes there?, etc.

10. In Marengo, hidden in a chicken-coop; in Ulm, the leader of the runaways; in Milan, a knavish butcher; in Ferrara, a politician surrounded by wine bottles; a renegade Pole amidst Austrians: this, friends, is General Radetzky.

11. If the Austrians do not clear out from Ferrara, prepare a coffin, for they will be killed. Long live Radetzky, cooked in a pot, son of a cow, what a broth he will make!

12. Blossom of the broom-plant: the enemy must leave through the door of our house, otherwise he will have to leave through the window.
Lemon blossom: We all love our Italy. From the Alps to Aetna we have pledged to be united.
Hurrah for you, Italy, hurrah for your Happy New Year! Now that you have awakened from a long sleep, you will have no more misfortunes.

13. When Battista returned from Barlassina (near Milan), he brought me a flower of two colors: Yellow, a knavish jaundice; Black, the mourning of Lombard hearts (yellow and and black, of course, were the colors associated with Austria). I shall add to them a chicken's claw (the chicken stood for the Austrian doubleheaded Eagle) which is wont to scratch in the most fetid odors. And I will tell him that the chicken, the yellow and the black are the emblem of an abhorred empire; and I will tell him that the chicken, the black, and the yellow are trembling because Italy is all astir; and I will tell him that the black, the yellow, and the chicken will soon break their necks.

14. The red tells you that the heart is burning within the brave Italian's breast, and the white signifies the candor and the faith of the one who is rushing to fight. Italy's hope lies in the green: finally you find graven within the hope that is never lost by him who is girding himself to save his country.

15. Three colors, three colors, the Italian sings; and singing to the three colors, he will shoulder his gun. Fire, fire, fire, fire! We must win or die. Fire, fire, fire, fire! The Austrian must die. And only the green, white, and red flag was raised. And only the green, white, and red flag was raised.

16. We are little, but we shall grow up, but we will fight for

liberty. We are little, but bold and fresh, and we are not afraid of the Austrians. We are little, but not too little; we will know how to handle the sword and the gun.

17. Come, courage, oh beautiful Italy, the day of glory has finally dawned.

18. I wish someone would cut off Metternich's sideburns: I'd like to make brushes with them for his king's shoes. — I wish someone would cut out Metternich's guts: I'd like to make suspenders out of them for his king's trousers.

19. Goodbye, my sweetheart, goodbye, the army is leaving; if I too did not leave, I'd be a coward! Do not weep, sweetheart, perhaps I'll return; but if I should die in battle, I shall see you in heaven. I have my sword, my pistols, and my gun with me: at sunrise I shall leave you. My haversack is ready, and I carry it on my shoulder; I am a man, and I am a soldier, hurrah for liberty . . . If you should never hear from your beloved, for he was killed by a musket, do not sigh for him I do not leave you alone, you have one son with you; find consolation in your son, the son of love! The trumpet is blaring, goodbye, the army is leaving; give one kiss to my son for me; hurrah for liberty!

20. I wish one could go to the moon by train, in order to be able to make love with the women up there . . . Those who have been up there tell me that they are not jealous, that they do not have the madness of the women down here.

21. Blossom of love, I was a prisoner at Montanara, following the tricolored flag.
Oh God of Gods, I was a prisoner, and you know it, and for Italy I'd go back again.

22. The tombs are uncovered, the dead are rising, our martyrs have all risen again! With swords in their hands, with laurels on their hair, with the flame and the name of Italy on their hearts'. — We are coming'. We are coming'. Rise, young platoons'. Up in the wind, everywhere, our flags'. Come everybody with the sword, come everbody with the fire, come everybody with the fire of Italy in our hearts! — Get out of Italy, get out of Italy, for it is time, get out of Italy, oh foreigner, etc.

23. When the trumpet called to arms, I ran to enlist with Garibaldi; he shook my hand with a vigorous shake, and he gave me this red shirt. And from the moment I put you on, I embroidered your sleeves with gold . . . When I be-

came a sergeant at Milazzo, red shirt, burning shirt. You bear the imprint of my wound, you are all torn, all ripped; for this very reason you are dearer to me, red shirt, rare shirt. You are the emblem of boldness: your color causes fright: soon we will go to Rome together, red shirt, untamed shirt. Faithful companion of my valor, if I look at you my heart throbs; I feel that you understand my language, red shirt, beautiful shirt. There on the Volturno, with you on my back, when I fell wounded on the field, it was you that I was wearing, red shirt, my shirt. With you on my chest I shall fight the oppressors of this earth, while Italy boasts of her heroes, red shirt, holy shirt. When at the call of Garibaldi, with all his valorous and bold One Thousand we will all set fire to the mine, red shirt, Garibaldi shirt. If in the fierce encounters with the Austrians I should die like a hero, who knows what your fate will be, red shirt, beloved shirt!

24. If we stand firm, liberty will cost but a few pennies, by enlisting all under Garibaldi.
Flower of bitter herb! The Spring rose is budding at the foot of the crosses of Novara. And the crosses of the fields of Novara say to that rose: Bloom and hope!

25. Let him go, for he goes as a volunteer; he goes with Garibaldi to free Italy.

26. Beautiful bird of the forest: it flies through the countryside. Where can it have flown? Into Isabella's garden. What can it have brought there? A sealed letter. What can there be in it? Italy's freedom. Who will free Her? Victor Emmanuel. Who's this Victor? He is the king of Italians. And who will help him? Giuseppe Garibaldi. Who is this Garibaldi? The god of volunteers . . .

27. Rataplan! . . . I hear a drum, which calls me to the flag. What joy, what happiness! I am going to war. — Rataplan! . . . I am not afraid of bombs or guns; I seek adventure . . . Come what may. — On the beautiful Gigogin, with the tro-me-le-ri-le-ra! — At fifteen I was in love . . . Take a step forward, delight of my heart! — At sixteen I got married . . . Take a step forward, delight of my heart! . . . — At Seventeen I left him. . . Take a step forward, delight of my heart! — She comes, she comes to the window; she has powdered, she has powdered her face; she says, she says, she says she is ill, because, because,

because she has not eaten polenta. One must, one must, one must have patience; let her, let her, let her get married. — I kissed, I kissed her lovely face, smack, smack, smack. She told me, she told me: What fun! Smack, smack, smack. Farther down, farther down in that little thicket, we shall go, we shall go to relax, tra-la-ra-la.

28. I saw him with my own eyes at Monreale, and I saw his eyes flashing. He is not made of human flesh, and no lead can pierce his heart. A pious nun told me that he is Saint Rosalie's brother! The Saint sent him a charm which she wove herself in Heaven.

29. Can you tell me, charming shepherdess, why at dusk over your mountains one sees rise now that little flame which shines even when the air becomes dark? « Sir, you're wrong! It is a star which appeared towards the end of Spring. It appeared at the same time as Garibaldi . . . I can't tell you what star it is. But I know that it frightens certain people, because it always shines and it never grows dim. »

30. Garibaldi was wounded, he was wounded in his leg; Garibaldi who leads, who leads the battalion. Hurrah for the red shirt, hurrah for the blue pantaloons; hurrah for Garibaldi and his soldiers.

31. *Angiolino*: The sun is rising over the hill, and the drum already rolled; please do not cry, sweet Beppina, I'll be back at the end of the war. *Beppina*: You tell me that I am very dear to you; I'll believe that too; all the same I'll weep over your bitter departure might and day. *Angiolino*: Before I fell in love God gave me a country: I am a soldier for my country, to you I consecrate my hand my heart. *Beppina*: I shouldn't want you to forget me when you are far away: I swear to think about you constantly . . . *Angiolino*: Garibaldi is calling me already, and he is urging me to fight; with one blast of the guns he heartens us all. Therefore, goodbye dear Beppina, for the drum called me. Plase, do not weep, my pretty one; I'll come back at the end of the war.

32. Young fellows who are going to war, take care of my boyfriend; see that he doesn't rest his weapons on the ground, for he has never gone to war before. Don't make him sleep in the open: he is so delicate that he will faint; don't make him sleep in the moonlight, he is so delicate that he will waste away.

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Music and Politics in the "Risorgimento"

Walter H. Rubsamen

[The world of music, and particularly opera, played a very important role in the Risorgimento. Professor Walter Rubsamen, who teaches at U.C.L.A., is a well-known musicologist and authority on Italian opera librettoes. In the following article he gives a vivid picture of the unending battle between censors and composers, between the authorities and the public of the theaters, during the Risorgimento.]

Most of the rulers of the small duchies and kingdoms into which Italy was divided during the Risorgimento hated the idea of national unification because this would have spelled the end of their regimes. Especially desirous of maintaining the status quo were the Austrians, who occupied the Northern provinces of Lombardy and Venetia, the Bourbon kings in Sicily and Naples, and the Popes, whose temporal power extended over a large area of central Italy, including Rome itself.

When the performance of a politically explosive opera, Auber's *La Muette de Portici*, had sparked the demonstrations in Brussels that led to the successful Belgian revolution of 1830, the Italian rulers began to realize the importance of opera as a medium of propaganda and a potential stimulant to insurrection. With a few exceptions, as in Piedmont, they appointed censors to keep an eagle eye on the texts of all theatrical works to be performed in their domains. It must be remembered that opera was widely popular in Italy at the time, especially among the intelligentsia. Most of the large Italian cities possessed several opera houses, while even the small tows could boast of at least one musical theatre. These places of

entertainment, almost as numerous as are cinema houses today, were the nightly gathering places of students, professional men, and other intellectuals who were outspoken in their demands for political reform.

In order not to give these audiences even the slightest opportunity for patriotic demonstrations, the censor of the Italian States required that each opera be submitted to them in advance, and suppressed anything that seemed even slightly to agitate against the oppressive status quo. Eliminated from the approved operas were any utterances considered to be antimonarchical, anti-papal, or anti-Austrian, as well as situations that might put a sovereign in a bad light. Even though the connotations were completely apolitical, or had no bearing on the contemporary political situation, the censors usually forbade the use of words like "fatherland," "Italy," "liberty," "slavery," "conspiracy," "revolution," "tyranny," or "exiles" (which might remind the audience of Mazzini).

Censors of the different states collaborated in suppressing or altering opera plots that might be unfavorable to another regime supporting the status quo. For example, an opera[1] that dealt with the medieval Lombard League, with music by Antonio Buzzi and libretto by Filippo Meucci, was to have been performed in Rome in 1846, thus preceding Verdi's opera on the same theme by two years. The League, including Milan, Verona, Mantua, Brescia, and other cities, had been organized in 1167 to combat Frederich Barbarossa, the German emperor whose armies had burned and looted Northern Italy. But the Governor of Rome, Pietro Marini, banned the performance because it might be displeasing to the reigning family of Austria. The authors protested that the House of Austria had nothing in common with Barbarossa, and even made representations to the newly-elected Pope Pius IX himself, but in vain. "*La Lega Lombarda* può dispiacere all'augustissima Casa d'Austria."[2] The Roman authorities allowed the opera to be performed in the

following year, but in a censored version with attendant changes in place and characters.[3] The scene had been shifted to medieval Spain, with Iberian patriots fighting against invading Saracens, but the league of cities had been eliminated as too dangerous.

If an operatic character bore the same name as that of a sovereign, or one of his royal ancestors, the censors forced the composer and librettist to change names, for fear that the ruler would be placed in a bad light and an opportunity would be created for anti-royalist outbursts in the audience. Similar fears that the papacy and the established religion would be undermined caused the censors in Rome and other papal domains to forbid any and all religious words, such as "angel" or "virgin," even though these were used in a secular context. For the performance in Rome (1861) of Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*,[4] for example, the censor caused many "religious" terms to be stricken from the text, and other words to be substituted. "Angelo" was changed to "genio," "inferno" to "abisso," "miracolo" to "prodigio," and convento to "pensione" (!). Particularly significant was the elimination of the word, "temporale," which in Rome referred to the temporal power of the Pope. Fearing that someone in the audience might stand up and shout: "A basso il temporale!", the censor suppressed a perfectly innocent phrase sung by Dr. Malatesta (Act I, Scene 5),

« Poco pensa Don Pasquale
Che boccon di temporale »[5]

and substituted "Donna furba cosa vale"[6] for the second line.

The ministers of the Catholic religion could not be represented on the stage in Rome, and Roman Catholicism could never be portrayed as persecuting, but always as being persecuted. For many years Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* could not be produced in the Roman States because it dealt with the mass murder of Protestants by

Catholic soldiers on St. Bartholomew's Day, Aug. 24, 1572. After consulting with the Catholic leaders, Catherine de' Medici persuaded the French King to autorize the massacre, which subsequently spread to the provinces and resulted in the killing of some 50,000 Protestants. In 1864 Meyerbeer's opera was finally allowed to be performed in Rome, but the libretto, entitled *Renato di Croenwald*,[7] bore little resemblance to the original. No trace of religious conflict remained in the plot, which had been turned into a struggle between two powerful Dutch families, one of which exterminated the other at the beginning of the 17th century. Even in Risorgimento Florence the original version could not be performed. Here the scene had been changed to England at the time of Charles I, with Cromwell and the Puritans murdering the Anglicans. Francesco Guidi was the author of the new libretto, called *Gli Anglicani*,[8] which was represented at the Teatro Ferdinando in the Tuscan capital during the autumn of 1857. *Gli Ugonotti* with the original text was not given in Rome until 1871, after the Pope had lost political control of the city.

The classical case of papal censorship in Rome was that applied to Donizetti's opera, *Lucrezia Borgia*, which had first been performed at La Scala in Milan (1833) with the original title and plot, and had been repeated in many other cities of Northern Italy. But in Rome, in view of the subject, many obstacles were placed in the way of performance. According to tradition, Lucrezia Borgia, the daughter of Pope Alexander VI, was a wicked woman who had had illegitimate children long before her marriage to the Duke of Ferrara, and was thought to have had a hand in the murder of her previous husband, the Duke of Bisceglie. As it would have been embarrassing to the papacy to remind theatrical audiences that a Borgia cardinal who became Pope had once had an illegitimate child, and because Lucrezia's reputation for immorality was still well-known, the Roman censors forbade the

representation until the title, place, and characters had been altered. One of the most dramatic moments in the original version occurs in Act I, Scene 2, when a young soldier named Gennaro, in love with Lucrezia but bitterly disillusioned with her, leaps onto the parapet surrounding her palace in Ferrara and with the point of his sword removes the first letter of the name BORGIA from the wall. Her name now signifies "orgy." Feeble indeed was the same scene in the censored version, called *Elisa da Fosco*,[9] which was given at the Teatro Apollo in Rome during the carnival of 1841-42. Gennaro now carefully picked off the middle line of the F, leaving TOSCO, which means "toxic." In still another mutilation, given at Bologna in 1841, the audience had to wait patiently while the swordsman removed the first four letters of the name, Eustorgia da Romano.

Despite the efforts of the censors, Italian patriots found opportunities to demonstrate against tyranny and for national unity during the performance of operas that apparently were safely removed from actuality. Even the remotest allusion to liberty or revolution was enough to bring the house down, so to speak. An opera by Donizetti, entitled *Gli Esiliati in Siberia*, although apparently as non-political as the composer himself, gave rise to a demonstration primarily because of the over-heated atmosphere in Modena at the time.[10] Beginning on January 19, 1831, the opera had been given at the Teatro Comunale with great success. On the night of February 3rd, however, an adjutant of the police interrupted the proceeding by running onto the stage ordering the immediate suspension of the performance. He announced that the city was in a state of siege because a revolutionary movement against the Duke Francesco IV had been discovered, and soldiers were attacking the insurgents in their headquarters, the house of Ciro Menotti (a patriot who was working for the independence and unification of Italy.) After the police had arrested the conspirators, the Duke fled to Mantua,

taking Menotti and the other captives with him. A few days later, on orders of the new, provisional government, the theatre reopened with the same opera, *Gli Esiliati*. A great crowd attended the performance, frequently interrupting the singing with cries of "Evviva l'Indipendenza Italiana," "Morte alle spie" (those who had denounced Menotti), and "Passaporto ai Gesuiti," etc. Unfortunately, the revolution was short-lived, for the Duke returned to Modena with the aid of the Austrians on March 8, 1831, and had Menotti hanged.

In a sustained attempt to maintain the favored position of the Italian aristocracy, the censors of states opposed to Italian unification never countenanced remarks in an opera that would reflect badly upon a member of the nobility. In Donizetti's *Linda di Chamonix*, for example, the Marquis de Boisfleury shows by his own statements that he is a libertine, which caused the Neapolitan and Roman censors to change him into someone with only honorable intentions towards women. In a small village of Savoy live an attractive girl, Linda, and her father, a poor tenant farmer who is in danger of losing his home. The aforementioned Marquis has heard of the girl's beauty and her parent's financial straits, and offers to help them provided that he can become the girl's "guardian." To himself sings (in the original version[11]):

> « I have arrived at the goal
> And she can no longer escape me. »

For the Naples performance these lines were alteerd to[12]:

> « I have arrived at the goal
> And soon shall see this dear, beautiful girl. »

In a subsequent aria he frankly reveals that he expects Linda to become his mistress, in return for his protection, but the Neapolitan censors changed this completely by inserting two new scenes in which he confesses to the

overseer of the estate that he is in love with Linda and *wishes to make her his wife.*

Donizzetti himself was not a fighter for the cause of Italian unity, but worried about only one thing, as he once wrote to his father, "whether my operas are successful." Unlike Verdi, who welcomed adversity and gave the censors blow for blow, Donizetti recoiled from a wilful act of Bourbon censorship towards his politically innocuous opera, *Poliuto,* by resigning from his teaching position at the Naples Conservatory and emigrating to Paris in 1838.

The most ardent patriot among all Italian composers of the Risorgimento period was Giuseppe Verdi. Considering the nature of the plots he used during the 1840's, and the emotional, spirited music to which he set the heroic or patriotic portions of their texts, it is no wonder that he became the musical symbol of a resurgent Italy. Verdi expressed the spirit of the times in his operas, and never missed an opportunity to proclaim patriotic or revolutionary sentiments (*Nabucco, Ernani, I Lombardi*), to glorify the virtue and courage of Italian women (*Attila*), to expose the arrogance of the feudal aristocracy (*Luisa Miller*), or to express hatred of the foreign tyrants who had overrun and enslaved Italy since Roman times (*La Battaglia di Legnano*). Actually the composer and not his librettist was primarily responsible for the political effect of these operas. Not only did Verdi always choose the subjects, but he constructed their general plan, indicated the situations, and described the characters, so that his librettist needed only to follow his indications and write the verses.

It mattered little whether the scene was laid in Italy or in some remote region, whether the time was the present or the distant past, the Italian audiences knew that Verdi was a spokesman for independence and national unity and found passages in his operas that reflected their own patriotic sentiments. Had the texts been innocent of

political meaning, no one would have considered Verdi's music to be revolutionary, for it was merely an adjunct to the words. But the stirring texts received strong emotional support from the music, and the resulting combination had a powerful effect upon the pubblic.

Gradually Verdi's name became a patriotic symbol, to be found chalked and painted on walls and houses. To be sure, when the slogan "Viva Verdi!" was shouted or inscribed somewhere, it generally served as an abbreviation for "Viva *V*ittorio *E*manuele *Re d'I*talia!", thus expressing the Italian patriots' veiled desire to be unified under the leadership of Victor Emmanuel II, King of Sardinia and Duke or Savoy.

Verdi's first success was *Nabucco*, libretto by Temistocle Solera, which was performed at La Scala on March 9, 1842. Although the opera had no special political significance, the audience found reflected in its plot its own unhappy lot and struggle for freedom. A group of Hebrew prisoners, enslaved by the Babylonians and longing to return home, struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the Milanese public as they sang the melancholy chorus (Act III, Sc. 4):

> « Va pensiero sull'ali dorate
> Va ti posa sui clivi, sui colli
> Ove olezzano libere e molli
> L'aure dolci del suolo natal!
> . . . . . .
> O mia patria sì bella e perduta!
> O membranza sì cara e fatal! »[13]

Lest it be thought that the Risorgimento ended in 1870, it should be noted that a performance of *Nabucco* in Trieste during the Allied occupation of that city in 1947 gave rise to a fervid demonstration of Italian patriotism.[14] When the chorus sang "O mia patria sì bella e perduta," the entire audience joined in, waving Italian flags and requesting an encore. After the performance

large groups of young people continued to demonstrate outside of the theatre, and marched through the streets singing patriotic hymns.

It was in *Nabucco* and *I Lombardi* that Verdi, aided by the emotional impact of his music, began to influence his countrymen politically. His experience with *Nabucco* persuaded him to choose a plot for the next opera that would allow patriotism to manifest itself without unduly arousing the suspicions and recriminations of the Austrian police. Solera took the subject from *I Lombardi alla prima Crociata* by Tommaso Grossi, a plot completely devoid of anti-Austrian sentiment.

This time objections came from the Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Gaisneck, who had received disturbing information about the new opera being prepared at La Scala. He wrote an angry letter to the chief of police, Torresani, complaining that *I Lombardi* contained religious processions, a conversion, and even a baptism, none of which could be presented on the stage without sacrilege. Demanding that the chief forbid the performance, he threatened to write directly to the Austrian Emperor telling him of the lack of respect for religion shown in the Imperial Theatres of Milan. Next day Verdi, Solera, and the director of La Scala received a communication from the police stating that the opera could not be performed without important modifications in the plot. The composer refused to change a note or a word. "They will play it as it is, or not at all," he said. When the other two informed Torresani of Verdi's attitude, and warned him that the police would be responsible for the suppression of a masterpiece of art if he persisted, the chief decided, after much thought, that he would allow them to proceed, not wishing to be the one to cut the wings of a promising young composer. Only one concession was made to the Archbishop: "Salve Maria" was substituted for "Ave Maria!".

Once *Nabucco* had established Verdi's reputation as

a patriot, it was to be expected that the similarly nostalgic chorus of crusaders in *I Lombardi*[15] would also touch off political demonstrations. When first performed at La Scala on February 11, 1843, the audience was moved to tears and patriotic outcries as the Lombard crusaders, pilgrims in the Holy Land, sang longingly of their native country:

« O Signore, dal tetto natio
Ci chiamasti con santa promessa
. . . . . .
O fresc'aure volanti sui vaghi
Ruscelletti dei prati lombardi!
Fonti eterne! Purissimi laghi!
O vigneti indorati dal Sol! »[16]

In the following year Verdi moved his scene of operations to Venice, where *Ernani* was an immense success at its premiere on March 9. Francesco Maria Piave had adapted the libretto from Victor Hugo's melodrama of the same title. The protagonist of the opera, a Spanish duke disguised as a bandit, participates in a rebellion against King Carlos, the future Emperor Charles V. In Act III, Charles visits the subterranean tomb of Charlemagne in Aquisgrana in order to discover the identity of the rebels meeting there. While the King listens unobserved, the conspirators draw lots to decide who is to assassinate him. Ernani wins, and all make a pact to fight together, singing the chorus:

« Si ridesti il Leon di Castiglia... »

which contains the significant verses:

« Siamo tutti una sola famiglia,
Pugnerem colle braccie, co' petti;
Schiavi inulti più a lungo e negletti
Non sarem finchè vita abbia il cor.
. . . . . .
Sarà Iberia feconda d'eroi,
Dal servaggio redenta sarà. »[17]

This had little or no bearing on the contemporary Italian political situation, but extracted from its context it reminded the Venetian audience of the tacit pact existing between all patriotic Italians at that time. No wonder, therefore, that the spectators were beside themselves with excitement when they saw the conspirators embrace each other, unsheath their swords, and fervently sing the words of brotherhood. Here also the composer had to contend with the Austrian censors, who wanted to suppress the entire scene of the conjuration. Subsequently it was allowed to remain, on condition that the librettist change several of the verses.

At the close of this scene, Charles appears before the conspirators and accuses them of treachery. A procession enters to announce that the King has been elected Emperor. Denouncing the rebels, Charles first sentences them to death or prison, but finally, after much thought, decides to emulate Charlemagne and pardon them. He sings: "A Carlo Magno sia gloria ed onor," but all of those assembled, grateful for his magnanimity, join in and change the words to "A Carlo Quinto...".

When *Ernani* was given at the Teatro Argentina in Rome during the autumn of 1847, the aforementioned choruses in the third act provoked political demonstrations at every performance. A year earlier the newly-elected Pope Pius IX had proclaimed an amnesty for political offenders that had heartened liberals throughout Italy. A strong sentiment for national unity under the Pope's leadership soon made itself manifest, for Pius had become a political as well as a religious hero to many patriots, particularly those in Rome. Unfortunately this hope lasted for only two years, because the revolution of 1848 transformed the papacy into an ardent ally of the tyrants who wanted to keep Italy divided. At the performance in 1847, however, the bass singing the role of Charles V paid homage to the Pope, who also had forgiven his political enemies, by regularly substituting "Pio Nono"

for the Emperor's name as he sang "A Carlo Magno sia gloria ed onor," whereupon the chorus changed its lines to "A Carlo Alberto...," which referred of course to the King of Sardinia, the other ruler upon whom the hopes of Italian unificationists were concentrated.

The prologue of Verdi's *Attila*,[18] which was performed at La Fenice in Venice on March 17, 1846, tells how the Huns invaded Italy in the 5th century, burning, looting, and destroying all that stood before them. Having sacked Aquileja, Attila holds court in the central square of the city. Odabella, daughter of the local ruler, and other virgins are brought before him, accused of having fought beside their brothers in the battle. She faces the barbarian king and scornfully accuses his women of weeping and remaining in their wagons during the fighting,

> « Ma noi, noi donne italiche
> Cinte di ferro il seno
> Sul fumido terreno
> Sempre vedrai pugnar. »[19]

In the darkened theatre, the audience did not hesitate to acclaim this and other references to the heroism and patriotism of the ancient Italians. In Scene 5 of the Prologue, the Roman general Ezio offers to help Attila conquer the world if he will spare Italy. When he concluded his aria with the appeal:

> « Avrai tu l'universo
> Resti l'Italia a me! »[20]

the enthusiasm of the public knew no bounds, for the allusion to the Austrian and other foreign rulers holding sway in Italy was unmistakable. Every night when these verses were sung, the audience responded with one voice: "A noi! L'Italia a noi!".

All references to Italian courage and the fighting ability of Italic women were omitted in a censored version

of *Attila* called *Gli Unni e i Romani*,[21] given at Palermo in 1854. Instead of Odabella's exciting words, a chorus sang:

« Ma questo core impavido,
Che anela il patrio soglio,
Contro il tuo fiero orgoglio
No, non vedrai tremar. »[22]

The sense of Ezio's aria was altered entirely, and the "dangerous" reference to "Italia" suppressed.

The Venetian opera season of 1847-48 was full of excitement because of the tense atmosphere prevailing in the city. Insurrections were being prepared that soon afterwards exploded all over Europe. The first opera of the season, Verdi's *Macbeth*, was a great success, and its run was prolonged to 29 performances because the Austrian Director of Public Order feared to allow the second opera, Rossini's *Otello*, to be performed at all, thinking that a re-evocation of the glories of the ancient Venetian Republic might stimulate the audience to patriotic demonstrations.[23]

On the night of February 6, *Macbeth* was to be repeated for the 22nd time, along with a seemingly innocuous ballet. *La Vivandiera e il Postiglione*,[24] for which the prima ballerina was the famous Fanny Cerrito. The last act of the opera begins with a chorus sung by Scottish exiles which might well have applied to Italy in 1848: "Patria oppressa!" Excitement in the audience reached a new height when Malcolm, at the head of a large armed force, sang:

« Chi non odia il suol nativo
Prenda l'arma, e segua me! »,[25]

and a vigorous, enthusiastic chorus added:

« La Patria tradita
Piangendo ne invita!
Fratelli! gli oppressi
Corriamo a salvar. »[26]

The applause usually heard at this point in the opera was this night repeated insistently. The music for these words is a powerful hymn in Verdi's most exciting manner, which subsequently was sung all over Italy during the revolution of 1848 as a patriotic concert piece.

Althoug the following ballet had no political implications, Fanny Cerrito made her first entrance carrying a veil colored red, white, and green. The public responded with enormous enthusiasm, spicing its applause with patriotic outcries. At this point, the Austrian officials who occupied the first row of seats in the orchestra, and other officers spread about in the audience rose to their feet, looked about menacingly, and rapped on the floor with their sabres in hope of stopping the tumult. Their attempt to intimidate merely increased the enthusiasm of the demonstrators. In the twinkling of an eye the ladies in the boxes took out red, white, and green handkerchiefs which they intertwined so that the theatre was festooned with the Italian colors. Shortly aftewards a company of Croatians entered the theatre and brought an end to the demonstration. Next day the Director of Public Order prohibited any further representations of the ballet, and ordered the last act of *Macbeth* to be omitted from future performances (the final act of Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan* was substituted!).

Subsequently the "provocative" phrases were removed from the text of the opera in many other Italian cities. In Palermo "Patria oppressa!" became "O Macduffo," for example. Since the Sicilian censors would not tolerate the operatic murder of a king, it was not Duncan, but his chief lieutenant, Count Walfred, who fell prey to the ambitions of Macbeth and his Lady.[27]

Set to a libretto by Salvatore Cammarano, *La Battaglia di Legnano* was begun in the year of revolution, 1848, when Verdi sought a theme dealing with an Italian victory over a German emperor. The premiere took place in Rome during the short-lived Roman Republic of 1849,

when papal censorship had temporarily abated. Parenthetically, operatic censorship in Rome varied in intensity from the rigid control that prevailed until the accession of Pius IX in 1846, to relative liberalism under the Pope's decree of amnesty (1846-48), absolute freedom after the rebellion in November of 1848, when the Pope had to flee to Gaeta, and the much more oppressive supervision after the French had entered Rome in July of 1849 to re-establish the papal government.

The aforementioned Lombard League, an early attempt to establish Italian unity which resulted in a victory of the Lombard forces over Frederick Barbarossa at Legnano, was the subject of the opera. As the scene opens in 1176, soldiers of the Lombard League and crowds of bystanders in Milan join in singing a richly-harmonized, stirring chorus:

> « Viva Italia! un sacro patto
> Tutti stringe i figli suoi:
> Esso alfin di tanti ha fatto
> Un sol popolo d'Eroi! »[28]

In Act III, Sc. 2, the Italian warriors swear to fight to the death against the Germanic invaders. This is the famous *Giuramento*, set to heroic, exciting music which moved Italian audiences to a patriotic frenzy:

> « Giuriam d'Italia por fine ai danni
> Cacciando oltr'Alpe i suoi tiranni! »[29]

Practically every number of the opera was vigorously applauded at the premiere, while Act IV was greeted with such enthusiasm that it had to be repeated in its entirety.[30] When the tenor, Gaetano Fraschini, sang the closing phrase in his sonorous voice:

> « Chi muore per la patria
> Alma sì rea non ha! »,[31]

the audience was so moved that no observer could have been in doubt as to the eventual outcome of the Risorgimento.

It is no wonder that the censors forced a change of title to *The Siege of Harlem* (*L'Assedio di Arlem*)[32] when the opera was given in Austrian-held Milan in 1849. Now the villain was no longer Frederick Barbarossa, but the Duke of Alba; the time had been shifted to the 16th century, and the Lombard warriors were Dutch patriots. Thus the emphasis upon Milan as a center of resistance to Germanic invaders was removed by the simple expedient of a change of locale. Instead of "Viva Italia!" the chorus sang "Viva Olanda," and instead of the original *Giuramento* they sang:

> « Ond'abbian fine d'Olanda i danni
> Scacciar giuriamo i suoi tiranni, »[33]

thus avoiding what the censors feared might be a call to revolt against the Austrians.

Intending to write a new opera for La Fenice, Verdi commissioned Piave to prepare a libretto based upon *Le Roi s'amuse*, in which Victor Hugo depicts a king, François I, as a libertine. The title having been changed to *La Maledizione*, Verdi submitted the finished libretto to the theatre direction in Venice for approval. But the censors soon informed Piave and La Fenice that they would not accept an opera depicting the illicit amours of a royal personage. For his part, Verdi swore that he would compose *La Maledizione* for Venice or no opera at all. Into the impasse finally stepped the Venetian Director of Public Order, Carlo Martello, who suggested various name changes without sacrificing any of the dramatic situations. Verdi grumbled, but agreed. The King became the Duke of Mantua; Triboulet was re-baptized Rigoletto, Bianca became Gilda, etc., and the composer finished the opera in 40 days.

After the Venetian premiere on March 11, 1851, the censors in other Italian cities began to bestir themselves. It was too dangerous, in their opinion, to portray any Italian ruler, even an insignificant Duke of Mantua, as someone who sought to enjoy the pleasures of life without restraint, thereby breaking the moral code. Another "dangerous" aspect of the version allowed in Venice was Rigoletto's conspiracy to have the Duke murdered. In Rome, Florence, Ferrara, Lucca and other cities the opera's title was changed to *Viscardello*, and the lecherous nobleman safely removed from Italy by dubbing him the Duke of Nottingham. In some libretti the action took place in Scotland, whereas in one at least, the Roman version of 1851, the locale is Boston "during the 16th century." (!) Apparently the papal censors had never heard the jokes about someone's ancestors coming over on the Mayflower.

In Verdi's *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, first performed in Paris in 1855, the librettists Scribe and Duveyrier treated the original legend of a Sicilian revolt against the French in 1282 rather freely. In Act II, French soldiers break up an engagement dance of Sicilian villagers and make off with the women, leaving the bridegrooms beside themselves with rage and shame. The actual outbreak does not occur until the very end of the opera, however, when a Sicilian patriot, at the sound of bells for vespers, leads his people against the French, crying "Vendetta!" The ensueing massacre has been known as the Sicilian Vespers.

Such a plot was far too realistic for the Italian censors, especially those of Bourbon Sicily and the provinces dominated by Austria. The title, locale, and characters were changed for all Italian performances of the opera until after the revolution of 1859. In most cities it appeared as *Giovanna de Guzman*, with a change of scene from Palermo to 17th century Lisbon, where the Portuguese rebel against the occupying Spaniards. In the Palermo performance of the revised version, the

trembling censors substituted a happy ending for the long pent-up revolt at the end. Instead of falling upon the Spaniards with cries of vengeance, the Portuguese shook hands with their enemies and sang of peace and brotherly love.[34] Because Trieste was still under Austrian rule in 1862, the revolt had to be eliminated from *Giovanna de Guzman* in that city also.[35]

In 1857 Antonio Somma completed his translation and versification of Scribe's play, *Gustave III ou le Bal Masqué*, which already had been set to music by Auber in 1832. Verdi had finished the score, now called *Una Vendetta in Domino*, and rehearsals had started at the San Carlo in Naples when news came of Felice Orsini's attempt to assassinate Napoleon III (Jan. 13, 1858). The Bourbon censors, made doubly fearful by the French King's narrow escape, were in no mood to tolerate an opera whose denouement was the murder of a Swedish king as the results of an aristocratic conspiracy. They demanded not only a new title, *Adelia degli Adimari*, but such radical changes in the libretto itself that Somma disavowed his authorship. Verdi also refused to modify the opera substantially, and left Naples in disgust. At this point Jacovacci, director of the Teatro Apollo in Rome, stepped in and assured the composer of a Roman production. But this also could not be achieved without difficulties. The censors required that the action be transferred to Colonial America, and the murdered man be called Count Warwick, Governor of Boston. In this guise, under the title of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, Verdi's opera was finally performed on Feb. 17, 1859.

In the original version of *La Forza del Destino*, which had its premiere in a city not too friendly to the Austrians, St. Petersburg (1862), the early acts take place in Spain, and the last in Italy. In Act II, Sc. 2, a young gypsy woman named Perziosilla bounds into the village inn singing "Viva la guerra!", and asks the muleteers, students and peasants eating there whether any want to make their

fortunes. Receiving a unanimously affirmative answer, she sings:

« Correte allor soldati
In Italia dov'è rotta la guerra
Contro al Tedesco. »[36]

All shout "Morte ai Tedeschi!" and the gypsy adds:

« Flagel d'Italia eterno
E de' figliuoli suoi! »[37]

At the close, the joint Spanish and Italian forces defeat the Germans near Velletri, and subsequently have a celebration during which Preziosilla and the soldiers offer a toast to Spain and a *united Italy*.

For the Roman performance at the Teatro Apollo in February of 1863, the title, called "irreverent" by the censors, had to be changed to *Don Alvaro*,[38] and the libretto had to be revised extensively due to the standing policy of the Pope not to allow anything that might be injurious to the Austrian cause, which he felt was allied to his own maintenance of temporal power. The scene was now entirely in Spain, and all references to the Germans omitted. Preziosilla sings "Viva la danza!" as she enters the inn, and urges the diners to join the Spanish forces fighting against rebellious Moors in Granada. It is instructive to note that *Don Alvaro* was still being performed in Rome as late as Feb. 24, 1870, but also that 15 days after the entrance of Italian troops and the end of the Pope's temporal power it underwent a retransformation to *La Forza del Destino* at the Teatro Argentina!

For 27 years Verdi participated directly or indirectly in the events of the Risorgimento. It is clear that his music was not the chief ingredient of political ferment, but as an emotional support for a series of patriotic or revolutionary texts it contributed in no small way to the final success of the Italian movement for national unity.

NOTES

1. Filippo Meucci, *La Lega Lombarda* (Paris, 1846). The librettos cited here form part of an extraordinary collection made by the late gynecologyst, Dr. Ulderico Rolandi, which was made accessible to me in 1948.
2. La Lega Lombarda may displease the most august House of Austria.
3. *Gusmano di Medina* (T. Apollo, Rome, 1847).
4. Dr. Rolandi's copy of the original libretto (Ricordi, Milan, n.d.), contains the Roman censor's emendations.
5. Little thinks Don Pasquale / what a storm it will be.
6. What a sly woman is worth.
7. *Da rappres. nel Teatro Apollo l'Autunno 1864* (Tip. Olivieri, Rome, n.d.).
8. (Tip. Baracchi, Florence, n.d.).
9. (Tito Ajani, Rome, n.d.).
10. Alessandro Gandini, *Cronistoria dei teatri di Modena dal 1539 al 1871* (Tip. Sociale, Modena, 1873, 3 vols.), vol. I, pp. 313-15.
11. (T. Carignano, Turin, 1842).
12. (Tip. Flautina, Naples, 1843).
13. Go my thoughts on golden wings, go rest upon the hills where the soft, free and sweet breezes of my native land blow!... Oh my fatherland so beautiful and now lost! Oh remembrance so dear and so fatal!
14. *Il Messaggero*, Dec. 27, 1947.
15. Libretto by Temistocle Solera (Truffi, Milan, 1843).
16. Oh Lord, who called us with holy promise from our native home... Oh cool breezes blowing on the pretty brooks of the Lombard meadows! Eternal springs! Purest of lakes! Oh vineyards made golden by the sun!
17. We are all one single family, we shall fight with our hands with our chests; we shall no longer be unavenged and neglected slaves as long as our heart has life... Iberia will teem with heroes, and it will be delivered from serfdom.
18. Libretto by Solera (Tip. Molinari, Venice, n.d.).
19. But you will always se us, Italian women, wearing armor and fighting on smoky fields.
20. You may have the universe as long as Italy is left to me.
21. *Da rappresentarsi nel R. Teatro Carolino per seconda opera dell'anno teatrale 1854-55* (Lao, Palermo, 1854).

22. But this fearless heart that pines for its native land, you will not see it tremble before your fiery pride.
23. Mario Nani Mocenigo, *Il teatro La Fenice* (Industrie Poligrafiche Venete, Venezia-Giudecca, 1928).
24. (Rizzi, Venice, 1848).
25. He who hates not his native land, let him pick up a weapon and follow me.
26. The betrayed fatherland weeping beseeches you. Brothers! Let us hurry to deliver the oppressed.
27. (Lao, Palermo, 1860).
28. Long live Italy. A sacred pact gathers together all her children. It has finally made out of many a single people of heroes.
29. We swear to put an end to Italy's misfortunes, by driving her tyrants across the Alps.
30. Giuseppe Radiciotti, *Teatro e musica in Roma nel secondo quarto del secolo XIX* (Accademia dei Lincei: Rome, 1905), p. 133.
31. He who dies for his country does not have an evil soul.
32. (Ricordi, Milan, 1849).
33. That Holland's misfortunes may come to an end, we swear to drive out her tyrants.
34. (Tip. Lao, Palermo, 1856).
35. (Ricordi, Milan, n.d.).
36. Hurry then, soldiers, to Italy where war has broken out against the Germans.
37. Eternal scourge of Italy and of her children.
38. (Olivieri, Rome, n.d.).

A selected bibliography of books on the "Risorgimento"

Gian-Paolo Biasin

The celebration of the centennial year of the Italian unity has brought about a blooming of studies and essays, some of which are excellent, others only interesting, a few broad and general, others still particular to a city or a province. New editions have been issued, new documents discovered or systematically commented. Pratically every Italian newspaper, magazine, review and leaflet has added its own contribution to the centennial celebrations, with articles that, in some cases, are really outstanding, as the series published by the Turin newspaper, *La Stampa*. This bibliography does not include any of these articles and very few of the books that have only a limited — not to say local — interest. It covers most of the works on the *Risorgimento* published in Italy from January 1959 to June 1961, with the exception of the translations into Italian of foreign authors such as Mack Smith, Marx and Engels. It includes Catholics and Communists, statesmen and politicians, jurists and journalists, writers and historians.

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